

AMERICA

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Chronicle

Home News.—Following the preliminary conferences on the financial condition of the country, the President addressed a long telegram to the State Governors on

The President's Conferences

November 23. This telegram was given to the press two days later. His purpose, the President stated, was "to strengthen the present economic situation," and to find a remedy for "any unemployment which might result from present disturbed conditions." He proposed to effect this purpose by "the collective action of industry in the expansion of construction activities and in stabilization of wages." One of the largest factors that might be used was, he thought, "the energetic yet prudent pursuit of public works by the Federal Government, and State, municipal and county authorities," particularly in the construction of streets, roads and public buildings. He promised that the Federal Government would exert itself to the utmost within its proper province.

Reaction to these conferences was immediate. Speaking for his own industries, Mr. Henry Ford captured the first page by announcing an increase in wages. Mr. William Green, of the American Federation

Answer by the States

of Labor, promised that no attempt would be made at present to inaugurate new drives for better wages, thereby bringing down upon

himself the accusations of the left wing that he had betrayed the worker. For the most part, manufacturers and chambers of commerce confined themselves to broad statements of approval in commenting upon the President's invitation to be instant in forwarding public construction schemes; but, in general, the answers of the State Governors were enthusiastic. Partial reports were submitted by them, as the President had requested, and more complete reports will be filed in time with Secretary of Commerce Lamont. The comment of the press was favorable, on the whole. Here and there, however, the fear was expressed that in an effort to cooperate with the President, ill-considered programs for public works might be adopted. Others asked if Mr. Hoover were not departing from his frequently asserted principle that the Government should keep out of business. On November 27, however, the President announced another conference by requesting the heads of the great public-utility corporations to meet him.

Senator Francis E. Warren, of Wyoming, died on November 24, in his eighty-sixth year. He was the last Union survivor of the Civil War in Congress, and had

In Congress

served in the Senate for nearly thirty-seven years. His death will necessitate the rearrangement of several important committees in the Senate. The name of Senator Edge, of New Jersey, was submitted to the Senate, and his appointment to be Ambassador to France was immediately confirmed, as is the Senate's custom in dealing with a member or a former member. Senator Edge will be succeeded *ad interim* by Hon. William L. Baird. The program of the new Congress, it was announced, had not been decided upon by the party leaders. The tariff and Prohibition, it was conceded, would clamor for attention, and the Vare case, involving, apart from local political entanglements, a constitutional point of prime importance, would be considered. For some years Pennsylvania has had but one representative in the Senate.

On November 26, a plan for rebuilding and strengthening the Socialists as a political party was announced by their national secretary, Mr. Clarence Senior. Preparations for the Congressional elections of

Reviving Socialism

next year were to be discussed at a meeting of the national committee in Buffalo on December 14. In 1912, the party had more than 12,000 municipal officials, but internal dissension weakened the party lines and with the coming of the World War, the Socialists ceased to count as political factors. It is said, however, that signs of renewed interest are marked, particularly in a number of Western States.

Austria.—One of the chief items on the program for the reform of the State Constitution was the settlement of the position of Vienna. This city has had its own administration and has formed an independent federal county of lower Austria. This condition was brought about by the Socialist organization. It brought "Red" Vienna into existence and enabled the Socialists to arrange taxes and regulations to their own liking. After Vienna should become a part of lower Austria, the fear and hatred of the provinces were expected to vanish. Another feature of the reform was the improvement of the position of the President of the Republic. Among the new rights to be granted to him were the following: that of nominating or dismissing members of the Federal Government, of dissolving the National Council, of issuing orders with the force of law in times of emergency, and finally, the supreme command of the Federal army. Among other changes, it was anticipated that the police will be given more authority, that the public administration and the army will be purged from party politics and that courts of assessors will replace the courts of assizes. The Socialist press published what were said to be facsimiles of Heimwehr orders for an attack on Innsbruck, the capital of the Province of Tyrol.

Belgium.—The language question, long an issue in Belgian politics, came to the front again in the last week of November, and brought about the resignation of the Jaspar Cabinet after a disagreement on a Government bill to determine the language of instruction in the regular classes in the University of Ghent. This measure would have provided for the use of Flemish, with optional courses conducted in French. Liberal party members in the Cabinet asked for a postponement of the measure, which the Premier declined to grant.

Bulgaria.—According to the *Sofia Jutro*, of November 21, Henri Charon, French Commissioner appointed to Bulgaria by the League of Nations, sequestered \$3,000,000 worth of income of the Bulgarian railroads, on the ground that the Ministry of Railways was consistently refusing to reorganize the State system as requested by M. Charon for years past. M. Madjaroff, Minister of Railways, refused to accede to M. Charon's demand.

China.—Just when the rebels in Honan and Hupeh were beginning to cause new anxiety to the Nanking Government, a fresh crisis on the Manchurian border, provoked by Russian attacks, brought about a temporary cessation of the internal trouble and centered the attention of both the Nationalist Government and the revolutionary forces on the foreign foe. It was announced, on November 24, that Soviet forces had captured all the Manchurian territory west of the Khingan mountains, and were overrunning Eastern Manchuria for forty-five miles to Muling. Harbin was reported in a state of siege and seemingly

at the mercy of the Soviet forces. Replying to Moscow charges of repeated provocation on the part of the Chinese to justify the Russian offensive, Dr. C. T. Wang, Nanking Foreign Minister, vigorously denied the assertion and countercharged that more than thirty Chinese towns had been raided and looted by Red soldiers, with unspeakable atrocities. He formally invited an international commission of inquiry to place responsibility and declared that China would abide by its judgment and pay all costs of the investigation. Subsequently, the Council of the Chinese Government addressed an appeal both to the League of Nations and to the individual signatories of the Kellogg peace pact to halt the invasion, which it termed a deliberate violation of the anti-war pact. It was generally thought in foreign quarters that Russia was taking advantage of Chinese internal troubles to gain the upper hand in Manchuria. Whether the armistice between the revolutionists and the Government brought about by the new situation would prove permanent remained to be seen, though it was understood that the military leaders were still ready with bribes for the troops to fall in with their respective movements when the first opportunity of taking up arms again should present itself.—Father Kreutzen, the Franciscan missionary, remained, according to latest dispatches, still in the power of the bandits.

Ecuador.—Considerable interest centered in the proposal of President Ayora to reduce the army budget for 1930 by about \$486,000. While the press generally supported the President, holding that the army is useless since war between Ecuador and any other country seems an impossibility, nevertheless, the Council of State, because of pressure from the military, was finding it difficult to reach a decision. It will be recalled that the present Government is an outgrowth of the bloodless revolution of the military in June, 1925, following which Ecuador was ruled by a military junta for almost a year. In April, 1926, the Government returned to the civil power when President Ayora became President of the National Council of Government. The move to economize in the army is part of a general movement towards cutting down national expenditures.

France.—Georges Clemenceau, War Premier of France, died at Paris in the early hours of November 24. He was eight-eight years old, and had been in public life for nearly sixty years. A man of extraordinary versatility—in his earlier years he was successively physician, teacher, politician, journalist—he will be longest remembered as a statesman, the "Tiger," the "Victory Premier" who after combating the defeatist sentiment in France in the hardest years of the War, was called to the premiership by President Poincaré in November, 1917, and continued to head the Government to the end of the War and through the long months of the negotiations for peace. After the parliamentary elections in the fall of 1919, he was urged by his friends to be a candidate for the Presidency of the Republic, but a preliminary caucus

of the members of the two houses of Parliament showed that he could not be elected, and his candidacy was dropped. He resigned the premiership on January 18, 1920, and retired from political life, devoting the last years of his life to study and writing. His earlier career in politics had been a varied one, veering gradually from extreme radicalism at the birth of the Third Republic, through years of anti-clericalism, to a position where he found the strongest support for his nationalist policies among the Right parties whom he had combated most of his life. His experience during and after the War abated much of his anti-clericalism, but to the end of his life he was a professed unbeliever, and stipulated before his death that he was to be buried without religious rites or State funeral. He was buried in November 25, close to his birthplace in La Vendée.

The negotiations for the settlement of the Sarre question were continued, in a spirit of greater good will and hope for success after the action of the Chamber in tabling the interpellation on the issue. The Government's vote on that question was the largest majority (93) that the Tardieu Ministry had received. The conference appointed three subcommittees to consider, respectively, mines, tariff agreements, and legal questions.

Germany.—An official recount was made of the votes for a referendum on the rejection of the Young reparations plan and the retraction of the "war-guilt lie,"

Plebiscite Assured

with the result that 21,000 votes were declared invalid by the Federal election commission. This made the number of legitimate entries 4,135,300, or 8,000 more than the requisite ten per cent. The discovery of the large number of invalid petitions was taken as a measure of the desperate efforts which the Nationalist campaigners had made to force the required total of the electorate. It was estimated that the forthcoming plebiscite would cost the Government more than 3,000,000 marks (\$714,000), including the expenditures involved in the initial voting last month. Dr. Alfred Hugenberg's "Liberty law" was rushed through the prescribed three readings. It will be submitted to a national referendum on Dec. 22. The Liberal and Socialist parties ordered their respective following to remain away from the polls on that day. The general indifference manifested by the large majority of voters made the Government confident of an overwhelming defeat of the Hugenberg-Hitler attack on the Young plan, which was cleverly linked up by the Nationalists with the demand for recantation of war guilt.

Jugoslavia.—The bombing of the Simplon express near Zaribrod, on the Bulgarian frontier, on November 21, which resulted, however, in no particular damage, was

Train Attack

thought by correspondents to have been attempted by revolutionists with the hope of wrecking the conference proceeding in Sofia for the regulation of frontier matters between Bulgaria and Jugoslavia. The importance of a stable frontier was pointed out by the Yugoslav Government.

Newfoundland.—Following the earthquake along the northern Atlantic coast on November 18, there was reported a huge tidal wave that beat against the Burin Peninsula in the southern part of Newfoundland. The onrush of water extended nearly one hundred miles along the southeastern shore of the peninsula. Communications with the district were paralyzed for some days. The number of deaths was reported to be about forty. Dispatches also stated that some 500 houses were destroyed or badly damaged, that fishing-boats, schooners and like property were ruined, and that, due to the loss of the available provisions, there was much destitution. The population of the peninsula, consisting mostly of fishermen, was estimated at more than 25,000.

Tidal Wave

Palestine.—The racial and political situation between the Arabs and Jews in Palestine continued to remain critical. Meanwhile, the Commission of Inquiry

Commission of Inquiry

sent by the British Government carried on its investigations concerning the August riots. The Commission, headed by Sir Walter Shaw and including representatives of the three major British parties, was appointed to inquire only into the immediate causes of the riots and to offer recommendations designed to prevent similar recurrences. The Commission, according to Sir Walter, had no judicial power or legal power and was not to concern itself with major policies. At the present writing, the Commission is still holding sessions. It began the hearing of testimony on October 24. The three chief groups concerned, namely, the Palestine Government, the Palestine Arab Executive and the Zionist Executive, were permitted to appoint representatives and witnesses. Mr. Preedy was counsel for the Government, Sir Boyd Merriman for the Jews, and Sir William H. Stoker for the Arabs. The sessions were, at first, decided to be carried on in private, but it was later agreed that a limited number of newspaper reporters would be admitted. The major witnesses thus far called were Major Alan Saunders, acting Commandant of Police at the time of the riots, and H. C. Luke, the acting High Commissioner. The Commission varied its sessions by visits to the scenes of the disorders. While the Commission made its inquiries, the courts were engaged in holding the trials of those accused of murder in connection with the rioting. The decisions in these cases aroused both Arabs and Jews. Judicial procedure continued in regard to the *Davar*, a Jewish labor daily, which published an official secret document containing the names of Arabs on the blacklist. Although the newspaper was indefinitely suspended on November 4, the investigations surrounding the publishing of the document continued. Great public activity was manifested by the Arabs during the past month. Demonstrations, meetings and general strikes of protest have been held, as well as boycotts of Jewish merchants. The union of various Arab elements has been effected, and a strong movement organized to bring about the modification of the Balfour Declaration. The Jews in Palestine also kept up a feverish activity encouraged by their brethren abroad.

Paraguay.—The Chaco dispute with Bolivia entered a new phase when on November 22 the Bolivian Minister to Argentina published in Buenos Aires a formal statement in which he set forth that the arbitration to which Bolivia was agreeing, in accepting the good offices of neutrals to bring the long-standing disagreement to a conclusion, would necessarily be bound up with the previous agreement between Bolivia and Paraguay outlining the territory to be submitted to arbitration. It had been anticipated, according to official statements from Paraguay spokesmen, that the work of neutral arbiters would be unhampered by any limitations put on them by their respective Governments. The Paraguayan answer to the Bolivian Minister's statement, while agreeing that it was necessary for the parties to decide the subject-matter to be arbitrated before the case could be submitted to an arbitral court, took special exception to the Bolivian Minister's references to "Paraguay's unlimited aspirations in the northern part of Chaco." It argued that no country could be said to aspire to what it already possesses and that Bolivia had never exercised any attributes of Government over the land in question.

Poland.—Last July the police started investigations of Communist activities in Poland when a delegation of Polish Communists left for Moscow. It was discovered that propaganda literature had been distributed in factories and shops and that strikes had been provoked among the workers. During six months the police patiently gathered evidence. On November 23, a general round-up of Communist conspirators brought in fifty prominent Communists who were placed under arrest. In a search raid a large amount of literature, printed at Danzig and Gleiwitz and smuggled into Poland, and great sums of money, apparently for propaganda purposes, were discovered.

Vatican City.—The names of five new Cardinals, to be created in the December consistory, were published in the *Osservatore Romano* on November 23. The Most Rev. Emanuel Gonzalez Cerejeira, recently named patriarch of Lisbon, headed the list. The others were: the Most Rev. Luigi Lavitrano, Archbishop of Palermo; the Most Rev. Carlo Minorette, Archbishop of Genoa; the Most Rev. Joseph MacRory, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of Ireland; and the newly appointed Archbishop of Paris, the Most Rev. Jean Verdier. To this list persistent rumor added the names of Msgr. Pacelli, Papal Nuncio at Berlin, and Msgr. Tedeschini, Papal Nuncio at Madrid.

League of Nations.—The chief principle of the American "Crane scheme" in the anti-narcotic campaign was recognized in the tenth session of the League Assembly, September 2 to 25, by the decision of the French Government to impose a limitation on poppy growing. The terrible inadequacy of the mere policy of trying to control distribution had been shown up in January and February

of this year. The British Government, moreover, presented a resolution, which the Assembly accepted, to call a manufacturers' conference, to arrive at limitation by rationing. The Assembly recognized unanimously the principle of direct limitation by international agreement; and the Opium Advisory Committee received, at last, instructions to study plans for direct limitation. A commission of three, at the suggestion of the British Government, left Europe on September 4 to inquire into the use of opium in the Far East.

At the request of Henry Ford, for the purpose of discovering what wages will be necessary in those European cities where he is about to establish factories, the International Labor Office decided to undertake studies in seventeen European cities on the cost of living, as compared with what \$6 a day buys for a working man's family in Detroit. Wages thereby may be determined which would be necessary in those cities to meet the Detroit standard of living.

Disarmament.—Reports from Paris gave as outlines of French policy in the approaching naval conference (rumored to have been given out by Premier Tardieu at a Cabinet meeting on November 26), that (1) France would be concerned only with her own defense and the defense of her possessions; (2) under no condition could submarines be abolished; (3) no ratio or parity between warships to be established.

Official instructions to the delegates by the Japanese Government, made known on November 26, stressed defense and security as opposed to aggression. A seventy-per-cent ratio in 10,000-ton cruisers with eight-inch guns, retention of the submarine and of Japan's present naval strength were placed as the minimum of her desires. Reduction in capital ships and aircraft carriers was favored. —Italy's suggestion that the League Council meeting be held a week earlier, owing to conflict with the date of the naval conference, January 21, was said not be favored by France, Germany and Spain.

As in several years past, one of the December issues of AMERICA is devoted to a listing of the notable books of the year, books, that is, which might serve for Christmas gifts. This list, prepared by the Book-Review Editor, James A. Greeley, will be published in our issue of next week, together with an extraordinary number of reviews of the latest books.

The Chesterbelloc will gambol, but seriously, in our pages next week also. Mr. Chesterton picks up a F. H. Hayward, D. Lit., M.A., B.Sc., by the toe and jangles him like a toy. Mr. Belloc insists on the necessity of getting true history and true philosophy, both Catholic, into the marketplace. His article has a natural connection with the Christmas list of books.

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The Parting of Brethren

FOR the third time this year we must sorrowfully chronicle the death of a former member of our editorial staff.

On November 24, the Rev. Edward P. Spillane, S.J., died in New York in his seventieth year. Father Spillane was one of the original band who, under the direction of the Rev. John J. Wynne, S.J., founded this Review in April, 1909. His active work as an associate editor ceased five years later, when the first symptoms of the illness which at last carried him off began to manifest themselves. But his interest in AMERICA was sustained to the end. Father Spillane was the author of many articles contributed to the "Catholic Encyclopedia," and of a charming biography of the Rev. Henry Van Rensselaer, S.J.

On November 21, the Rev. John H. O'Rourke, S.J., died in New York after a long illness heroically borne. Although never connected with AMERICA as an editor, Father O'Rourke was a changeless friend and a critic of rare worth. After fourteen years as master of novices, Father O'Rourke was made editor of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, to which he contributed the studies reprinted as his most popular book under the title, "The Hills That Jesus Loved." As a missionary and retreat master, Father O'Rourke "talked like one who had actually seen Our Lord," and he was especially noted for the retreats which he gave to the clergy in many American dioceses. In all that he said and did, the simple child-like Faith of this deeply religious man shone forth unmistakably. In the natural order, he had a mind that retained its freshness and alertness to the end, and the range of his interests was truly remarkable. New developments in history, literature, theology, and especially in education and the social sciences, found him an interested observer and an intelligent critic. In his few moments of leisure, nothing pleased him better than to hear of some new battle won for Christ—unless it was to propound to a congenial group some theory that would

startle the orthodox until under his skilled leading, what at first seemed rank heresy was recognized as a new and rational but thoroughly orthodox presentation of a familiar truth.

Campbell, Drummond, Spillane, Dwight, Reville, and Tierney, all former members of the staff of this Review, have passed to their eternal reckoning. The long list grows as we add O'Rourke, and the names of all who by their counsel, their kindly interest, their occasional but welcome chiding, have aided us in the task of defending the Catholic Faith. We cannot forget them, and of our readers we beg a prayer that this day their habitation may be in the courts of God in holy Sion.

They Order It Better in Canada

THE city of Chicago recently drafted some lawyers and judges and sent them to observe the administration of the criminal law in the backward Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. Their verdict, according to the *Chicago Tribune* is brief and conclusive, "Canada has the most capable and efficient method of administering justice we have seen," they report, by Judges Sullivan and Fisher. "It is so far superior to ours that it makes us blush."

Three American judges sat with Justice Wilson in the court of the King's Bench, in Montreal, and saw a jury selected for a murder case in nine minutes and fifty-two seconds. "I have tried seventeen murder cases in Illinois," commented Senator Barbour, one of the visitors, "and it never took less than a week to get a jury, and sometimes it took several weeks." The opening statement of the crown's counsel, corresponding to our prosecutor, lasted for ninety seconds. "The indictment took only four typewritten lines, instead of pages and reams, as in Cook County," and an amount of evidence which in Illinois or any American State would have stretched over several days was put in in less than an hour. Incidentally, this trial was begun less than two months after the crime. "Swiftness of trial—certainty of punishment—these are the two factors which have stuck out in the investigation of the Canadian system." Canada may possess a flood of intoxicating liquors, but in every respect it is probably the best governed country in the world.

Comparing American with Canadian procedure, the reason for the superiority of the Canadian tribunals at once becomes apparent. To begin with, judges are carefully selected for non-political reasons, and are clothed with an authority which would make the average American lawyer shrink with horror. The judge is emphatically the master of his court. He instructs the jury at length, carefully analyzing the evidence, and in setting forth his own opinion he may quite properly advise the jury to convict or acquit. He is far more than a mere time-keeper or referee between two embattled lawyers. However, he is not strengthened at the expense of the jury. If a judge goes too far, reports Mr. Arthur Evans, in the *Tribune*, "the jury gets on its ear and rebukes the judge by ignoring his advice." This possibility, doubtless, acts as a restraint upon the bench. The difference

between the Canadian practice, and the practice in some American jurisdictions where the judge dare not even hint that he has an opinion of his own, is the difference between day and night.

In two other points also we might learn from Canada. The jury is selected from a panel of sixty taxpayers known to the lawyers. The searching examinations which, together with the legal exemptions, so often lower the character of our juries, are wholly unknown. Should a juror be challenged for cause, the issue is tried by the last two jurors selected. This discourages challenges, "since no lawyer wants to run the risk of objecting to a man for cause when the person may be kept on the jury by a vote inside the jury." Finally, for certain serious offenses, the lash is prescribed, and it is feared more than anything else. No whipped culprit will ever be a hero to his gang, and he will never go back to boast of how he "beat" a legal sentence.

As Chief Justice Taft has frequently observed, our criminal procedure needs revision. In seeking light, we could do far worse than to look to Canada. The only thing which militates against this advice is the fear that what we might see there would too thoroughly discourage us.

Fathers' Day at Illinois

IT was a cruel thought on the part of some hard-hearted Prohibition agent to wait until Fathers' Day before making a raid on certain fraternity houses at the University of Illinois.

Yet it may well be that this agent was cruel only to be kind. His purpose in turning a day of merry-making into a day of mourning may have been to let the whole family know that the Government of the United States does not approve of alcoholic beverages. In some parts of the country the people do not seem to know of the existence of the statute concocted by Mr. Volstead. A learned professor has said that fifty years must pass before we can say that the Volstead Act has been given a fair trial. Dr. Clarence True Wilson adds ninety years to this period; about the year 2059 A. D., the record may be examined, he thinks, and the results calculated.

But the sooner the people know what the Volstead Act, with its appendages added by Senators Jones and others, really means, the sooner will they be able to make up their minds whether or not they wish this great moral experiment to be continued. As matters stand at present, the experiment is boiling away in the test tube, but there is no one in the laboratory to note the successive stages, or to check up the results.

Hence, whatever serves to bring out the possibilities of the Act and appendages is to be welcomed. In the Federal District Court at Louisville, Judge Dawson held that the purchaser as well as the seller of alcoholic beverages could be prosecuted. Sitting in a Federal court in Peoria, Judge Fitzhenry held that any one knowing of a violation of the Act and failing to report it to the proper authorities, might also be prosecuted. Senator Brookhart, of Iowa, has given the country an object lesson of

what may happen when a host serves liquor, but neglects to catechize his guests on their understanding of the Volstead Act. These momentous happenings have struck the fear of an orgy of tattling into dry and wet alike. The Senator from Iowa has been overwhelmed with lessons in etiquette offered free of charge by volunteer professors, and with congratulations from the Methodist leagues. Judges Fitzhenry and Dawson have known what approbation means, when tempered by the breeze of mild expostulation, and the chill wind of disapprobation.

But if a lay view is worth considering, we think that their rulings are perfectly correct. In at least one section, the Volstead Act nails the pelt of the purchaser to the barndoor, and while the framers of the statute of 1790 certainly did not intend to raise up a race of wheezy whiskey-snoopers, the modern dry should not be penalized for their lack of foresight. But the statute of 1790 as amended in 1909, applies, and we sincerely trust that it will be enforced, especially in Washington. Every good citizen is waiting for the President to call for troops to enforce these judicial views, and to ask Congress to appropriate a billion or two, to build new Federal jails.

Meanwhile, what has happened to Mr. Wickersham's law-enforcement committee? It has been hard at work for some months, and should soon be able to share its garnered wisdom with the country. It is worse than a waste of time to speculate upon the things that might have been, but had it reported before our colleges opened, Fathers' Day at Illinois might have ended with a setting sun throwing his last beams over a scene of unmixed jollity. But evening brought instead a raid on a fraternity house, and the next morning saw twenty-one loving, but bibulous, fraternity brothers cast out by the Federal Government and their Alma Mater. When enforcement comes, enforcement, consistent, unrelenting, and unafraid of the wealthier classes, these sad catastrophes will be no more. For most of us all will then be in jail.

Criminal Children

IF Mr. Bernard Fagan is correctly quoted in a recent interview in the *New York World*, we may not flatter ourselves that we no longer need courts and probation officers for the children in our great cities. As Mr. Fagan has long worked as chief probation officer for the most extensive children's court in the world, he is entitled to speak with authority. The number of citations in these courts, and in similar courts in other cities, may be growing smaller. But the nature of the offenses for which these young people are tried is far more serious than was the case one or two decades ago.

This view was also stated some years ago by a competent critic, the Hon. Alfred J. Talley, then a judge in the New York Court of General Sessions. Judge Talley observed that the number of mere boys arrested for crimes of the most serious nature was rapidly increasing. Formerly boys and girls fell afoul of the law for breaking windows or for truancy. Today they are brought into the courts charged with crimes against property and the person, ranging from common theft to mur-

der. Our prisons are crowded with young people who have barely attained their majority. In many instances, sentence followed the third or fourth offense of increasing gravity—which means that they began a criminal career with their 'teens.

The situation demands a remedy. Clubs and recreation centers, night schools and athletic teams have their uses. But something which prevents crime from taking root in the heart of the child is sorely needed, and nothing can supply that but religion.

Unfortunately, our public-school system, which enrolls ninety per cent of our children, is committed to methods which make instruction in religion well nigh impossible. That system has held the field for nearly a century, and the net result is that we have more criminals than any other country in the world, and more young criminals.

The result is not pleasant to look at. But we can have no other, humanly speaking, so long as we have an educational system which lists religion, and morality based upon religion, among the proscribed subjects.

The Bank Director

A GEORGIA statute, penalizing delinquent bank directors, was recently held unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States. Within the last month, a New York statute, similar in language and intent, has been strictly, perhaps too strictly, interpreted by a State court. In the latter case, the result was freedom for a bank director who, whatever may be said of criminal intent or lack of it, was the occasion of serious financial losses to many depositors, and of ruin to not a few. The point of the New York decision was that "wilfulness" had not been shown.

One of the cases, however, affords an excellent illustration of the difference that may exist between legal and moral guilt. The defendant, a professional man occupying a position of trust and unusual responsibility in his community, had accepted membership in the directorate of a bank controlled, as is now clear, by a thoroughly dishonest man. The strength of this director's name brought many new depositors, and in other ways added to the business of the bank. Unfortunately, he and several of his fellow-directors, also professional men of good standing, were content to be "dummy directors." The president's sudden death disclosed a looted bank. Indicted and tried, the dummy directors swore that they had been completely ignorant of a number of practices, some illegal, others dubiously legal, and all immoral, which had been carried on for a number of years. But as the State was unable to show that this ignorance or neglect was "wilful," the defendants went scot free on appeal.

It is impossible to escape the conclusion that these dummies were not chosen because of their banking ability, but simply to attract business. It is extremely difficult to believe that they could have been ignorant of this fact. Apart, however, from all legal considerations, they should have functioned as directors, and not as creatures ready to sign at the word of command on the dotted line. Their duty in this respect imposed so grave an

obligation in conscience that the State's failure to prove wilfulness cannot excuse them from grievous sin. The position which they freely accepted, carried an obligation to administer it with positive care. Negligence, in the premises, was serious violation of the moral order. Whether studied or casual—and against casualty the dummies took no real precaution—the result was heavy loss to the depositors.

No man with a conscience can serve as a dummy director. The position demands knowledge and diligence. A director may even measure up to all the requirements of the statute, and yet fail grievously in the obligations imposed by the law of God. Open theft and rank dishonesty are penalized by the State. But carelessness, neglect, the too easy shifting of personal responsibility to the shoulders of another on the plea that he is a "good fellow" which (at least in this instance) the State cannot reach, are sternly banned by the moral law. Every man who accepts an administrative trust must administer it himself, or by agents chosen for honesty and technical ability, and for the acts of these agents he must accept responsibility. Conditions have so changed in the modern economic world that it is often a difficult task to mark the precise extent of a director's duties and responsibilities. The present case, however, is not complex. A group of men agreed to serve as directors, and thereafter allowed a skillful crook to do as he pleased. Acquitted at the bar of the State, these dummy directors stand condemned at the bar of God.

As We Measure Prosperity

SEARCHING the nethermost depths of the pit, O. Henry found it preempted by wealthy employers who paid shop girls \$5 per week. In this era of prosperity very few shop girls work for \$5. Many receive as much as \$10. Is it not a striking proof of the corruption of the human heart that some of them still grumble?

Speaking in New York last week, State Industrial Commissioner Miss Frances Perkins, did a little grumbling too. A working girl, she contends, ought to have food, clothing, and a place in which to exist, if not to live. She should be able to save something against the rainy days of sickness and old age. But in New York City, a room and three meals a day for a week will cost about \$14.69. Three years ago, the National Budget Commission estimated the cost at \$19.92 "for a single female living apart from a family group." What, then, is the girl who makes but \$10, or even \$15, to do? Miss Perkins calculates for food and room only. Hence the \$10-per-week girl will probably starve. Her \$15-per-week sister will have thirty-one cents every week for sumptuous clothes, but nothing for laundry, nothing for car fare, nothing for the recreation and relaxation absolutely necessary for health, and not a penny against a rainy day.

The population of the nethermost pit has not changed since it was inspected twenty years ago by O. Henry. It is still reserved for those who refuse their employees a living wage.

The Place of Peace

HILAIRE BELLOC

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PEOPLE are always talking about peace, and they will probably go on talking about it until some fighting begins again somewhere, and then they will talk of it more shrilly than ever, for the acute necessity of it will be even more apparent than it is now.

Well, while they have been talking about it, I have found it. I did not find it to keep, for that is impossible; but I found it to hold for a few days, and it is a great deal to be able to say even that.

I found it cleverly (though I say it that should not) and by a deliberate plan, which is a very rare way of finding anything good; for good things from outside usually come upon one as gifts from others—among whom I include Providence. We do not usually ferret them out for ourselves.

So true is this that I, who have known the Cathedral of Chartres intimately for forty years, stumbled for the first time the other day upon one particular statue in the Adoration of the Magi which I had never known to exist, and which I at once had photographed, because it was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen in my life; far, far superior to the basso-relievos upon the London offices of the Underground Railways.

Well, as I was saying, I found Peace of set purpose and by plan.

I have in my house the detailed maps of a good many European countries, as well as England. I looked up a mountainous part of one of these countries, and carefully scanned the features of several sections of it, in order to choose out the most promising. I made my selection among a dozen or more secluded valleys, giving preference to those which had woods about them, and wholly excluding all which were approached by a railway, however light and frivolous, and even those which are traversed by a main road; for gasoline has become a worse curse than ever railways were, and I often wonder what old Ruskin would say if he could come to life. Seeing that he had already exhausted his vocabulary against railways, I suppose that against gasoline he would have nothing left but wild gesticulation.

I took care, of course, that the district should lie in the older culture of Europe, for those that lie in the newer culture, that is, those that have lost the Faith, are not made for repose.

You might think it impossible to find such a place, but I found it, marked with its few houses and its church; and I set out to reach it: two easy days and nights by train and hotel from London, and the last few miles by a path on foot.

While I was still in the forest, it being late morning, misgivings began to overtake me, as they will some hours after one's last meal, and I wondered whether there would be an inn at all, and if there were, whether it would be pleasing, and especially whether the people who kept it

would be kind and hospitable (for that is the principal good about an inn, and its absence the principal evil), whether the wine would be potable, whether there would be an absence of buzz-saws or other worse instruments of the modern mountain side.

Then one of those horrible black thoughts which come swooping on one from nowhere like an evil bird struck me sideways. What about wireless? But when the forest ended and I saw before me the steep and ancient roofs, the strong gray dignified stone walls, and the low steeple of the little place, I was already relieved.

A slope of sweet meadow ran down to it from the ends of the wood (which stopped short all along, like a low cliff). On the grass, cows wandered about, occupied in eating and in making a heavenly music with bells, which is the only instrument a cow can play—but she plays it divinely well. The path led on through this sward, and I came into the village and found the inn.

Then there began that discovery; and it was so good that with difficulty could I believe that it was real, or at any rate, if it were real, hardly of this ruined world. The inn was called "The Green Cross," and I found at a table in the large front room a handsome elderly woman peeling potatoes. As the Latin poet says of the Good Woman, "she kept to her own house and she carded wool." Only this Good Woman was not dealing with wool but with potatoes, which had not in the Latin poet's time been brought over the seas, with many other modern good and evil things.

She rapidly displayed all the virtues inherent to her race, sex, age, and the rest of it. She was kind, she was sensible, she knew what her prices were (six shillings and five-pence English a day, with wine—I had taken the precaution to drink some of the wine to begin with, before saying that I wanted to stop there—it was quite good wine; not as good as she was, nor as good as the common wine of Orange on the Rhone, whence came the title of the detestable family, but still a great deal better than the stuff you pay seven or eight shillings for in London—and this wine was thrown in, not charged for, offered liberally, like water or air or sunshine, as wine was intended to be, only, as you may remember, things went wrong within a few hours of sunrise upon the last day of Creation: this sentence, and digression, are between them getting too long; so I close the bracket, and end the sentence; but before doing so, I cannot refrain from remarking that all the discussions of the silly critics as to whether sentences in English should be long or short are mere spoiling of paper), and she took me to a room of immense size with thick walls, thick dark-green curtains, a washed plank floor, an admirable huge, carven, tester bed whereon at least three generations had lain, and a window opening on to the sublime hills.

Therein lay peace. The core of it was in that room.

Old Sleep inhabited it by night, and by day the air of the mountains, and by day and by night the noise of the running water in the dale.

For three days I lived in this place, reading a life of Bossuet, which I had brought with me, and writing a little verse and often wandering to the small waterfalls and tarns in the uplands of that countryside and talking to the dryads and Diana. But on the fourth day I thought I would be gone. One should not tempt such things, or abuse the gift of them. If too great beauty and too great intelligence are dangerous, and certainly too great wealth,

and even perhaps too great bodily well-being, then blessed Peace must not be over-indulged. And I thought to myself as I went off down the valley by the rough road, behind an old horse (for there was no car in the place) that I had done well not to linger longer like the lady in the song. I looked back over my shoulder at the village, but I did not give it any benediction, for that would have been superfluous.

You ask me where it was, that you may go and enjoy it yourself? But I have come to the end of the space allowed me, and have no room left in which to tell you.

The Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception

WILLIAM I. LONERGAN, S.J.

I. The Catholic Tradition

EXACTLY seventy-five years ago, on December 8, 1854, Pope Pius IX solemnly promulgated his *ex cathedra* definition of the Immaculate Conception of Our Blessed Lady. Surrounded by hundreds of dignitaries of both the Oriental and Western Churches and amid a splendor rarely attained outside of papal functions in St. Peter's, the Sovereign Pontiff ended forever all doubt about this unique prerogative of the Virgin Mother of God.

After explaining the doctrine and justifying it as part of the deposit of faith down through the centuries, the Holy Father finally concluded:

Wherefore, after we had unceasingly in humility and fasting, offered our own prayers and the prayers of the Church to God the Father through His Son, that He would deign to direct and confirm our mind by the power of the Holy Ghost, and having implored the aid of the entire Heavenly Host, and invoked the Paraclete with sighs, and He thus inspiring, to the honor of the holy and undivided Trinity, to the glory and adornment of the Virgin Mother of God, to the exaltation of the Catholic Faith and the increase of the Catholic religion, by the authority of Jesus Christ Our Lord, of the Blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, we declare, pronounce and define that the doctrine which holds that the Blessed Virgin Mary, at the first instant of her conception, by a singular privilege and grace of the omnipotent God, in virtue of the merits of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of mankind, was preserved immaculate from all stain of original sin, has been revealed by God, and therefore should firmly and constantly be believed by all the Faithful.

This solemn definitive recognition of Mary's immaculate conception was the culmination of a long series of petitions that had been sent to Rome from all over the Christian world. As far back as 1740 Pope Clement XII had been asked to define the dogma by almost the entire Catholic Hierarchy under the leadership of the Spanish episcopate. Similarly, during the pontificate of Gregory XVI earnest efforts were made to have the long-deferred definition promulgated; it had been mooted even in the days of the Council of Trent. In the beginning of the reign of Pius IX these demands became more insistent, so much so that in 1849, while exiled in Gaeta following the troublesome times of the preceding year, he addressed a letter to the 600 Bishops in communion with him telling them "to inform him severally by their own letters, what

was the belief of their own clergy and flock concerning the immaculate conception of the Mother of God, and chiefly what the Bishops themselves thought on the subject, or what they desired in relation to it." All but four of them replied. Not a single one disapproved of the doctrine but about fifty felt the time was not ripe for a definition. It was ultimately in response to these letters that the dogma was promulgated.

Back of the doctrine is a whole series of Divine truths.

Chiefly it presupposes the theology of the elevation and fall of man and the inclusion of the entire human family in its subsequent curse. Adam, our first father, was not only created with all the perfections due and suitable to his rational nature but in addition was the recipient from the Divine bounty of a series of supernatural gifts. His soul was enriched with sanctifying grace, with all that that implies of participation in the Divine nature. Some of these gifts were purely personal, others to be transmitted to his posterity. Unfortunately his violation of the Divine command left him spiritually bankrupt with nothing of his primal glory left for himself and nothing to bequeath to his offspring. Where, in the Divine plan, they should have begun life with sanctifying grace, they would now begin as penniless paupers, deprived of the riches of that grace. Technically, they would start life in original sin.

By virtue of her kinship with the rest of the human family, Mary, daughter of Joachim and Anna, was like them under the curse. The doctrine of the immaculate conception teaches that in her case the redemption was anticipated, that in virtue of her eternal election to be the Mother of the God-Man, she was, at the very first instant of her existence, gifted by God with sanctifying grace, so that instead of coming into life with the guilt of original sin on her soul, deprived of Divine grace, she came enriched with its possession.

Though proclaimed only seventy-five years ago, the immaculate conception is no newly coined doctrine. In Catholic theology public Revelation came to an end in the Apostolic age. The Church admits of a development of doctrine only in the sense that with time what was vague may be clarified, what was implicitly believed becomes explicitly subscribed to. The Rev. George Agius thus succinctly summarizes the Catholic attitude in "Tradition and the Church":

Christianity is a universal religion for all times and for every place. To influence the world it must present its doctrines as much as possible according to its surroundings and the knowledge of the people. As one generation succeeds another and as circumstances vary, the principles of Christianity, while they remain steadfast and unchangeable as God Himself, require, not a new application, but a new presentation.

This is precisely what occurred when the Divinity of Christ was defined against the Arians in the Council of Nicea; when later in the Council of Ephesus the doctrines of the single personality of Christ and that Our Lady was truly the Mother of God, were promulgated against Nestorius; when the sixth Ecumenical Council defined against the Monothelites that there were two wills in Christ; when the errors of the Waldenses were condemned in the Fourth Lateran Council, and those of Hus in the Council of Constance, and of the Reformers at Trent; and when, finally, papal infallibility was defined in the Vatican Council. On none of those occasions was any new doctrine made by the Church. They are simply instances of the original deposit of faith committed to the Apostles being more clearly explained, interpreted, or vindicated against error. The mission of Christ's Church is not to establish dogmas but to teach the nations as Our Lord commanded, until the end of time, "all things whatsoever I have taught you."

In the history of dogma the process which usually results in an official declaration of the Church's position ordinarily has four phases. Initially a truth is generally accepted, at least implicitly. Then some one raises a doubt about the matter; it may be an officious innovator, it may be a zealous but misguided theologian. There follows a period of discussion in which the merits of the dogma are threshed out. To close the controversy the Pope or a Council issues a decisive pronouncement.

So far as the immaculate conception is concerned, the scholarly researches of the Rev. Carlo Passaglia, published in 1855, make it clear that this process was exemplified in its historical development. For the first eleven centuries, if the doctrine was not explicitly taught in precisely our modern terminology, in substance it was. To say nothing of the Western Church, in the East a feast in honor of Mary's conception was celebrated as early as the seventh or eighth century, and not a single Oriental ecclesiastical writer, Catholic or schismatic, Greek, Coptic or Syriac, ever questioned the doctrine. Typical of the sentiments of the entire group who constantly refer to Mary as sinless, immaculate, all-pure, is a remark of Isidore the Thessalonian, cited by the learned Jesuit Ballerini in his discussion of the subject: "This most pure child [Mary] could say of herself, 'Behold, I was not conceived in iniquity and not in sin did my mother conceive me.'"

With the twelfth century we find the first clear doubt about the doctrine raised, the occasion being a letter which the illustrious St. Bernard addressed to the canons of Lyons protesting against the introduction of the feast into the archdiocese. He chides them on the one hand for taking advantage of a vacancy in the local bishopric to introduce the feast into the metropolitan church without consulting the Holy See, and on the other because he

considers the feast to commemorate an untenable doctrine. He wrote:

How, then, could sanctity belong to the conception? Shall we say it was prevented by sanctification, so that the Virgin was sanctified before being conceived? . . . But the Virgin could not have holiness before she had being. . . . Perhaps she was sanctified in the very act of conception? This cannot be admitted, either. For how could there be sanctification without the sanctifying Spirit? Or how could the Holy Spirit consort with sin [concupiscence]? . . .

If therefore she could not have been sanctified before her conception because she did not exist, nor in the process of her conception on account of the presence of concupiscence, it remains that after conception she received in the womb the grace of sanctification which, by excluding sin, sanctified her nativity but not her conception.

Wherefore, although it has been granted to some of Adam's children to be born in holiness, even to such it has not been given to be conceived in holiness, in order that this prerogative of a holy conception might be reserved to Him alone who came to sanctify us all. . . . The Lord Jesus alone was conceived of the Holy Ghost because He alone was holy before His conception. . . .

While the letter certainly appears to be in conflict with the Church's doctrine, the holy abbot's position has been justified by the fact that in his day the word *conception* applied to the physical generative act of the parents rather than to the animated result of the act. Moreover, the allusion to Christ's conception would seem to indicate that what he was excluding was a virginal mother of Mary herself. It must also be remembered, in interpreting the Saint's words, that it was commonly accepted among contemporary schoolmen that the embryonic fetus was not animated by the rational soul until some forty or sixty days after its formation, so that being non-existent at the moment of conception (in this sense) there could be no question of the infusion of sanctifying grace into the soul then.

Cardinal Bellarmine, in 1580, examining not only this passage in St. Bernard's letter but all his writings, could justly conclude:

Although St. Bernard declares that the Blessed Virgin was sanctified in the womb, he does not say that the sanctification took place after the infusion of the rational soul rather than at the moment of the infusion, which is our contention.

As Bernard's most recent biographer, Ailbe J. Luddy, O. Cist., notes, the Blessed Robert's opinion has received the approval of such a distinguished line of theologians as Valentia, Perrone, Hurter, Mazzella, and others.

Following St. Bernard, the early Scholastic theologians generally began to question the doctrine: St. Anselm, Alexander of Hales, St. Bonaventure, St. Thomas, and practically the entire Thomistic school. Their difficulties arose because of the truth that Mary was redeemed by Christ (though had she been conceived immaculate she would not have needed redemption) and because they thought the immaculate conception implied the freedom of the flesh of Mary from some evil quality or the communication to it of some good quality so that concupiscence would not arise from the union of her soul with such sanctified flesh. Scotus solved the first difficulty; Mary's redemption was of a preventive kind: and the other objections vanished when the true meaning of the doctrine was clarified. Cajetan was able to write that in

his day: "so far as modern theologians are concerned, the number defending the immaculate conception is infinite." In time the Thomists joined the Scotist camp and it was even found that St. Thomas himself might legitimately be ranked as in sympathy with the doctrine when properly understood. From the fifteenth century until the proclamation of the dogma, it had no adversaries of distinction. Hence, in defining it Pius IX was certainly upholding a Catholic Tradition in the genuine technical sense of that word.

II. The Protestant Tradition

WHEN Pius IX published his Bull, "Ineffabilis Deus," it was gladly acclaimed throughout the Catholic world. In Protestant circles, however, it was at once converted into a new argument to justify the Reformation claim that the Bride of Christ had dragged her garments in the mire. Newman's friend, Dr. Pusey, saw in it but another "insoluble difference between modern Rome and the ancient Church," though the great Oratorian, even in his Anglican days and twenty years before its promulgation, had substantially defended it.

During the three quarters of a century that has since elapsed, notwithstanding numberless books, pamphlets, sermons and press articles have attempted to acquaint the Protestant world with the true meaning of the doctrine, it has not ceased to be misunderstood and misrepresented. True, some of the so-called "Catholic" group in the Protestant Episcopal Church in America and in the Established Church across the Atlantic subscribe to it, but quite generally it remains a point of crucial attack.

Typical of how current Protestantism views the doctrine is the following excerpt from a volume by a Toronto divine, George C. Workman, published October, 1928:

The immaculate conception of Mary originated in a similar way. Though there was no more warrant for the declaration in regard to her than there was in regard to any other pure woman the dogma has since [1854] been an article of faith in the Church of Rome. To suppose that Mary was an exception to all other Jewish mothers is as unreasonable as it is unscriptural. Both the doctrine of perpetual virginity and the dogma of the immaculate conception originated with a similar aim, as well as in a similar way, the aim of the one being to save the virginity of Mary, and the aim of the other to secure her stainlessness. The Church wished to secure her stainlessness in order to safeguard the sinlessness of Jesus. Believing Him to be sinless because He was conceived of the Holy Spirit, ecclesiastics saw that having had a human mother He might inherit some evil tendencies from her. So they induced the Pope to declare that Mary was miraculously preserved immaculate. . . . All these doctrines presuppose miraculous interposition, and the immaculate conception of Mary is no less wonderful than the supernatural conception of Jesus. . . . The proclamation of the Pope, however, did not make the dogma true; and it is not simply inconceivable to most thinking men, but impossible of credence by the modern mind.

The statement bristles with errors, as anyone even superficially acquainted with Catholic theology will perceive. Implicitly the writer both confuses the immaculate conception of Our Lady with her later virginal maternity and aligns it with Christ's supernatural conception. The dogma exempts Mary from something she should have had in common, not so much with Jewish mothers as with

Jewish and all other children. Moreover, the sinlessness of Our Lord had no essential relation to His Mother's immaculate conception. The God-Man was sinless by virtue of the hypostatic union. In preserving the Blessed Virgin free from original sin, there was no question of a miracle any more than a miracle occurs when God infuses sanctifying grace into any soul. What He does for all Christians at Baptism, He anticipated for Mary. As for the immaculate conception being "inconceivable to most thinking men" and "impossible of credence by the modern mind," the statement sounds a bit rash in view of the fact that some 330,000,000 twentieth-century Catholics subscribe to it. But perhaps they are not thinking men or have not a modern mind!

Another contemporary Protestant writer of no small repute, G. G. Coulton, attacking the historical position of the dogma (though Hilaire Belloc has time and again shown up his weaknesses as an historian), writes:

In Great Britain and America, especially, the moderate Roman Catholic is divided from his ancestor of the thirteenth century by a deeper gulf than from the moderate Anglican or Wesleyan of today. . . . In faith, he is now bound to believe in the immaculate conception, which the most learned and orthodox of his ancestors repudiated. . . .

Here, again, we have an inconsiderate charge flippantly tossed off, a generalization with no evidence to bolster it up. It is a fact that belief in the immaculate conception was not, as it is today, explicitly exacted of the Faithful in the thirteenth century. It is not a fact, however, that the doctrine was not then commonly believed or accepted. Some prominent and reputable theologians discussed and wrote about it dubiously or ambiguously, but no outstanding thirteenth-century writer positively repudiated it as it has been understood and defined in our time. Some had difficulties chiefly because the word *conception* was with them susceptible of many meanings, or because the doctrine seemed to oppose the universality of original sin and of the Redemption. They had not yet learned that a person preserved from sin is as much redeemed as one cleansed after falling into it. Mary's redemption was of the former kind. And if, during the thirteenth century the dogma was disputed among the schoolmen, on the other hand, during that same period the feast was quite commonly celebrated. The great Spanish mystic, Ramon Lull, beautifully bears testimony to the popular belief in his *Disputatio Eremitae et Raymundi*.

Only a few months ago Clement J. Webb, Oriel Professor of the Philosophy of Christian Religion, at Oxford, in a contribution he made to "The History of Christianity in the Light of Modern Knowledge," thus alluded to the immaculate conception:

It has been admitted even by Roman Catholic scholars that in this event theology capitulated to popular piety. Not the weight of theological authority which was on the whole against the doctrine, compelled the definition; still less historical evidence of which it may fairly be said that there was none; but the experience of those who had found inspiration and comfort in devotion to what, if in the south of Europe it often masked the immemorial worship of a mother-goddess, had even there purified and Christianized the conception formed of that being, and was, in its highest form devotion to an ideal of Christian womanhood, combining the purity of the maiden and the gracious love of the mother. This

inspiration and comfort were such as to find adequate theological expression only in a doctrine which placed Mary in a position shared with her Son alone and apart from all other human beings. . . . Not only was evidence of the actual miracle asserted in the dogma naturally wanting but the idea of the Lord's Mother implied in the *hyperdulia* which exalted her above all other saints had but a very slender basis in the New Testament; and this particular veneration itself was of comparatively late growth in the Church. . . .

Here the dogma is once more discussed as if it belonged to the category of the miraculous. Moreover, it is represented merely as the outgrowth of the religious experience of the people, without either theological or historical justification. As for its theological basis, to say nothing of the traditional teaching of the Fathers and Doctors in the Eastern and Western Churches, more than one passage of Holy Writ has been convincingly put forth to warrant it. Accordingly to the best Hebrew text, the *protoevangelium*, whether its literal or typical sense be analyzed, offers ample reason to maintain it. It is the curse that the Creator put upon the serpent after he had tempted our first parents: "I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed; she shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel." The salutation of the Angel at the annunciation, "Hail, full of grace!" reinforces it. So far as historical evidence is concerned, obviously the fact of the infusion of grace was no observable one; it was a purely spiritual, interior operation in the soul. But there is ample historical evidence that the doctrine—not always verbally perhaps, but substantially—was accepted all down the ages.

A volume by Arthur Weigall, published last year, presents the Protestant viewpoint from another angle:

In 1854 the doctrine of the immaculate conception of the Mother of God, which had been vaguely preached for many centuries, was officially adopted by the Roman Catholic Church as a tenet of the Faith, this having the meaning that the Mother of Jesus, from the moment of her conception by her parents, was miraculously free from the taint of original sin, and thus remained all her life in a non-human state of sinlessness. This dogma, taken together with the fact that the Church had already canonized her parents as saints, implies that Jesus did not set an imitable example to ordinary men of how a man's life could be lived, for He inherited no parental failings and had no such handicap as that under which we ourselves labor. . . .

Here, again, the doctrine is distorted and a series of unwarranted inferences drawn. As was noted before, there was nothing miraculous to the infusion of sanctifying grace into the soul of Our Lady. Moreover, the privilege did not make her any the less human or constitute her, any more than the infusion of sanctifying grace at Baptism establishes the rest of the Christian world, in "a non-human state of sinlessness." Just why this dogma conjoined with the canonization of Mary's parents should make Christ's life less imitable for mankind is hard to see, for He was "like unto us in all things, sin alone excepted." He was tempted like unto us and subject to bodily fatigue, hunger, thirst, pain, suffering and death.

Not long since another eminent Protestant theologian, Dr. David S. Schaff, stated the Protestant opposition to the immaculate conception thus:

For the Roman Catholic, new doctrines may be imposed by the Church which is an organ of revelation, empowered to an-

nounce new doctrines, or by the Roman pontiff. This was the case with the proclamation of the immaculate conception of Mary in 1854. . . .

Catholic theologians are unanimous in teaching that the Church cannot establish any new doctrines, nor is it an "organ of revelation." Christ and His Holy Spirit taught Peter and his colleagues "all truth." The Faith of the Church must be the same at the crack of doom as when the fisherman's throne was first set up in Rome. A Council or the Holy Father can do for the constitution which Christ bequeathed His Church just what the United States Supreme Court can do for our Federal Constitution: they can explain or interpret old doctrines and unfold their meaning or implications.

Elsewhere Dr. Schaff writes:

Pius IX's decree quoted no Scripture. The texts advanced by theologians for the immaculate conception are for the most part from the Old Testament and pervert the meaning of the original author. . . . In view of the absence of proof from Scripture, Cardinal Bellarmine's testimony was most apt when he said that the perpetual virginity of Mary has no support in the Bible. . . . None of the early Fathers say anything about the doctrine. It was expressly denied by two of the greatest Fathers, Jerome and Augustine. . . .

Apparently Dr. Schaff had not scrutinized the papal Bull when he penned his first sentence. Granted that the texts the theologians advance for the dogma are chiefly from the Old Testament, so far as Revelation is concerned, that is equally the word of God with the New; an argument from the one is as valid as from the other. Dr. Schaff, however, himself mentions five Scriptural passages which he alleges are often advanced to defend the doctrine. Of these three are from the Old Testament, though one of them refers to another dogma. As for his charge that in their use the original meaning is perverted, it is altogether gratuitous.

A careful reading of the citation from Cardinal Bellarmine will show that there is question not of the immaculate conception but of an altogether different problem, Our Lady's perpetual virginity. The famous controversialist nowhere says the immaculate conception "has no support in the Bible."

Regarding the Fathers, nothing could be more striking than their studied efforts to convey the idea of Mary's complete immaculateness. Her unique sinlessness evokes from them a wealth of encomium. St. Ephrem, (A. D. 370), thus apostrophizes Christ: "You and your Mother are the only ones who are altogether beautiful, for in Thee, O Lord, there is no stain, nor in Thy immaculate Mother." According to St. John Damascene, "grace anticipated nature, preserving her for the Divine espousals," and "the same holy Virgin was cleansed and sanctified in her mother's womb by the power of the Holy Ghost." The assertion that St. Jerome and St. Augustine denied the dogma calls for proof. St. Augustine in fact wrote: "Except, therefore, the holy Virgin Mary, about whom . . . when there is question of sin I wish to raise no discussion, . . . were we to ask all the other saints . . . whether they were without sin, what would they answer?"

Cecil John Cadoux is probably the latest Protestant theologian of importance to discuss the immaculate con-

ception. In "Catholicism and Christianity" he brings forth all the obsolete arguments that have been current since the Bull "Ineffabilis Deus" was published, the responses to which have already been anticipated. However, notwithstanding his keen opposition he is forced to remark:

No doubt much may be said in defense of this Catholic veneration for the Virgin Mary. . . . We have seen, for example, how the dogma of the immaculate conception can be deduced by an

apparently irresistible train of purely abstract reasoning from the great major premise of the Incarnation. . . .

And yet he tells us that a "religious institution which owes so much as the Madonna cult owes to abstract logic unchecked by historical evidence," which last assertion Catholics do not grant, "cannot but be fraught with immense moral and spiritual danger to those who are inseparably committed to it." Obviously Mariolatry is still a Protestant bugbear!

Tommy Tinker's First Mass

MARIE VAN VORST

MY spiritual good fortune—frequent when my own state of mind is as it should be, found me at Malec-in-the-Fields on Lady Day.

Malec sounds of the sea, although so distant from it that a walk would not bring you there, and there are no motors thereabouts, too poor the village is, poor and small and backward in all things but Faith and Spirit.

There are very old ones in Malec and very small young ones, plenty of them, but no men of proper age to enjoy the ripe fruits of their working days. All mostly, were called out from Malec on August 2, 1914. . . . Up there at the castle the Master told me on that night didn't nine of his men, nine young, strong chaps come in to him to bid him good-bye. He kissed them all—and shook hands with them. One of them, his chauffeur, he let go surely with hardly a nod. But he called to the man's wife back in the kitchen: "Now, don't cry, Jenny. Your man will come back to you, my dear!" And that he did do and he was the only one of the nine who came back to the old castle up there covered with vines, . . . and its magic well.

Lady Day here is the sweetest and greatest day of all the year for Malec-in-the-Fields. From the altar of the little church as it stands down there below the road, queerly, all black with years and centuries and all pasted over with white lichen settled away low down there, as if it felt humble, not high enough to hold the body of the Lord: the Malecs take the little figure of Our Lady and dress her nobly and wonderfully and they carry her to the sound of the Ave and prayers to a brave little chapel off in the fields where Mass and Vespers and the Benediction are all said outdoors on that long, warm mid-summer day, and the whole day is given up, and right it should be, to our Divine Lord and His dear Mother out in the Fields.

But the night, too, before Lady Day, the fourteenth of August, is a lovely and pretty one here in the lichen-covered church, for man and maid and child—anyone who can stand and carry a candle, and anyone not too old to totter—and old as they are they do totter and are lent a helping hand by the farmers—all come to place their candles before Our Lady that they may burn all night and all day. They sing the *Ave Maria* to her and their many sweet hymns sweetly, and there she stands above the prayerful figures far lifted above the stealing shapes.

Well, fortune brought me there to Malec-of-the-Fields and it was Lady Day coming, and me just wearing away my heart, worrying over *him* because he didn't love Mass (so it seemed) or the Holy Sacraments or the Divine offerings, as a woman thinks her beloved should. . . . Well, after all, only *fifteen* years old and youth and vigor, bless God! One day, who knows . . . God grant . . . !

Well then . . . now it seems to me I ought to say, "Well, children dear," . . . for it is really a child's story and you will just keep your minds away now from planning out the end of this—you'll not possibly guess the answer to that candlelight prayer. Of course, I, too, brought my candle and fixed it before the shrine and prayed for grace for my boy with my heart all an ache. He didn't come along with the others with a candle, so I prayed and suffered. Then I got peace a little and prayed for all the lovely souls I love and whom I bring in my hands and with my lips and love before Our Lady's shrines.

And then I asked (children) that some special little grace might come to me here, that Our Sweet Lady might give me some sign of hers before I went away from little Malec-in-the-Fields to other fields. I asked for some sign from our tender Mother to prove to me that my poor prayers were not all vain and useless, to show me I had the seal of the passionately loved apostolate, some little sign! And then I prayed for the boy and sat at peace watching the file and line of the placers of the candles and the pretty white caps and the bowed figures.

Of course I walked over the rough, gritty roads and stones and paths and over the fields, too, next day with the others to follow in the beautiful procession carrying Our Lady to the Fields of Malec-in-the-Fields. I saw her there across the trees and lawn high up and near the altar in her golden dress and saw the glitter and the shine and the beauty and the fine vestments and the white altar and the little gray orphans off there at the side with the Black Sisters near them, for they had no other mother.

The following day, with an aching heart and the sense of being utterly unworthy to ask any favor or even to pray for souls, I went in the afternoon to see on business a man of high position who was passing through the country on a mission for his Government. Before the door of his villa I had noticed once or twice a little blonde-

haired boy playing with the peasant children and heard his gay laughter. And that other day the Superior of the Foundling Asylum had spoken to me of a little strange child here in Malec-in-the-Fields, the child of an unbeliever who listened so eagerly to the few Christian words that the children of the village said and who tried to cross himself; and sweetly and innocently had asked for a bit of a broken rosary from one of the children! In the course of a few moments' talk I had with this gentleman he said that he believed in nothing! He had no faith, poor man, he had seen enough of queer things in religions (he made it plural) to dishearten him with the whole lot. He had been cheated in business by Presbyterians, and done in by Baptists, and had seen the Irish massacres. Take it altogether, he said very courteously to me, "I don't think the Catholics are any worse than the Baptists"—for which I bowed my head and was grateful.

And just then the little yellow-headed child came in from the garden to see if by any happy chance there was not a piece of cake for him somewhere, or a bit of something to tempt him. His father said to me, "My little boy here seems turned toward your religion! He is most amusing. The other day when we were making a visit to a monastery near here he tried to reach the holy-water basin and cross himself, and as we passed through the Chapel he knelt down . . . I don't know why . . . I found it quite a good joke, take it altogether."

And the little child with the piece of cake in his hand stood there smiling at me.

"And," continued the father, "he is always begging that I shall let somebody take him to Mass. Of course I don't know anyone who would take him, but he seems to want to go." And still the little boy sat there smiling over his cake and he had given me his hand, and as I went out of the office on the threshold of the door I said to the official gentleman:

"I am leaving Malec-in-the-Fields tomorrow for good. I am going to early Mass. I don't suppose you would let the little boy go with me?"

And he said to me, "Why, it is very early, and I wouldn't wake him up out of his sleep for anything! Would you like to go, Tommy Tinker?" (For that's the name they called him.)

And the child said, yes, he would, "very much indeed!" "Well," said the father to me, "now I'll tell you what I'll do. Tomorrow morning when you pass the house on your way to church, you look and see, and if Tommy Tinker is standing outside the gate waiting for you then you can take him along, and if he isn't there you will know he is sleeping soundly and that we wouldn't wake him."

Then his grandmother sitting by the fire knitting said, "Why if Tommy Tinker thought he was going to Mass he would be up at five o'clock in the morning!"

The next day as I went down toward the church, there outside the gate as though he had been thrust out of the portals of the world, I saw the little boy in his short knickerbockers, bare-headed, with his hands in his pockets, waiting for me to go to Mass, in the lovely breaking light

of the summer day to the old, old blackened church down there in the hollow.

"It is very early," he said. That was all he said as we walked along down the steps into the cool dim place, and we crossed ourselves at the holy-water fountain, he watching me and then looking toward the altar. I told him that "Jesus was there, that he always came in the Mass and that he must always love Him." It was a short, short time for the apostolate between the church step and the altar. But he smiled and nodded. "I do love him."

With his hand in mine he followed me into the seat, and all through the long Mass remained motionless, his eyes fixed on the altar and his chin on his little folded hands. And he was so still that I forgot him, following the Mass.

We were alone in the church that morning, save for one or two Sisters from the Orphanage and the Asylum. When I went up to the altar rail with the other people to receive Our Lord, as I got there to the very altar and was about to kneel I felt his little hand in mine and his figure close pressed to me. He had followed me trustfully, sweetly, to the very threshold of the altar and there he held to me.

As he came out of the church he said to me, "Where is your little boy? Didn't he come?"

And I said he was sleeping.

And he said, "Well, he should have come too, himself."

I left him at the gateway, running in and smiling, and there on the stone steps I saw his little sailboat and ball and the strand of the broken rosary that he had begged from the children.

And now never can I forget the presence of that strange child on the morning of the day when my own failed me! Never can I forget the child who pleaded to go to Mass and who so went to it. Never can I forget the sense of an answer from Our Lady, the little hand clinging to mine, the hand of the unbaptized little boy who went with me to the altar.

A little later I said to the father as I bade him good-bye, "It must be *through the child*. 'A little child shall lead them.'"

Never shall I forget the ancient Calvary uprising over the old tombs and the forgotten bones of the one-time churchyard of the eleventh-century church, once the temple of great lords and feudal masters, black as it is with lichen, deep-scented and perfumed as it is with long, long swinging of incense. I shall remember it for its own sake and for the sake of the child who walked with me through the forest of columns, his little steps echoing on the polished stones, his little figure passing before the altar of Mary, passing before the statue which came down from Heaven centuries ago to dwell with the children of Malec-in-the-Fields; and perhaps one day when the child is a great Catholic (who knows?) a fervent servant of God (who knows?)—for Our Lady put her hand out to him in little Malec-in-the-Fields, and who can escape the charm of that holy hand?—perhaps he will remember that summer morning when he stood waiting outside the cast-iron gate to go to his first Mass.

Sociology

Communism or the Union

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

IN an oft-quoted line, the poet warns us not to attach too much importance to a name. He referred specifically to roses, but his advice has all that generality which one finds in a classic. It applies with tremendous force to the modern publicity experts, public-relation advisers, and other propagandists. These business men usually adopt high-sounding names, but the underlying reality is always the same. They are the green-goods merchants and gold-brick sellers of the present day.

Some of these reflections arose a few days ago when the mail brought me a copy of the *Industrial Barometer*, published in Detroit. Whether or not it is a magazine, I cannot say. My copy carries no serial number, but is dated October, 1929. "Issued by the Employer's Association of Detroit," it goes out into the world bereft of a sponsor, for its editor's name is not given. One article is quoted from *Law and Labor*, a publication unknown to me, and there are two other quotations, the first from Henry Ford, and the second from the *Magazine of Business*. No articles, however, are signed, and, on the whole, the *Industrial Barometer* may be said to be an example of anonymous propaganda.

This reluctance to come out into the open is regrettable, especially at this time when various Senate committees are unmasking the wolves. The topic which this Detroit publication undertakes to present is among the most vital of current economic problems—the open shop *versus* the union. Its importance demands that it be discussed openly and freely. Much can be done by frank discussion, and much can also be done by groups which assemble in hoods and masks. But in the latter case, all that is done will very probably be harmful.

Reading the *Barometer*, my first impression was to attribute it to the Communists. After careful rereading, I can still make out a case for this impression. Reference is made with ill-suppressed exultation to the failure of the American Federation of Labor to unionize the automobile industry, and all the articles assume that "the unions have nothing to offer." The entire fourth page is given to an exposition of the advantages enjoyed by a non-union worker over a worker who joins a union. The whole purpose of the publication is to point out to the worker the path to social and economic prosperity.

The first step to this desired end is to denounce such iniquitous devices as "collective bargaining" and "employe management."

The worker who wishes to achieve a position of proper independence will do well to avoid all unions, and any organization not controlled by his employer, and will trust himself to organized capital. Now capital may and should organize, is the inference, because capital never organizes except for the common good, in general, and in particular for the improvement of the condition of the worker. Capital may organize "for the convenient exchange of industrial information, and as a defensive measure against

unfair legislation," as we have lately learned from the Senate investigation of the power, the pottery, and the paper trusts, among others. But organization by capital always includes an attack on "influences that might threaten" the worker's job.

Now every student who begins with a study of the Rockefeller machinations in the 'seventies and comes down to recent times, with special attention to the Colorado Fuel and Iron Co., the coal industry, and the Pennsylvania company police, will recognize the absolute truth of the *Barometer's* contention. So much must be granted. It is safe to forecast the future from an examination of the past.

Organized capital, as we have ever known it in this country, has kept one purpose steadily in view, namely, a living and a saving wage for the worker, with hours of employment under sanitary conditions, and a chance to advance. It is true that this purpose has not absorbed capital's complete and undivided attention. Shining lights in a wicked world, the philanthropists have recognized the unfortunate fact that unless they could show a small dividend from time to time, they would be unable to keep the factories open. This calamity would deprive them of their prized opportunity to hold the men at work, for a living and a saving wage, with proper hours of work under sanitary conditions, and a chance to advance. Hence they have been forced (and they have always yielded with tears and unfeigned reluctance) they have been forced so to dovetail their most cherished convictions into the stern necessities of trade, as to find a few pennies from time to time on the right side of the ledger. Despite the taunts of Radicals and Communists, the great American employers of labor have held steadfastly to the principle, set forth by Leo XIII, that since they are but the stewards of wealth, the first charge on their investments must always be a living wage for the employe.

This fidelity to principle is the real reason why we so rarely hear of strikes in this country, why there is so little industrial unrest, why practically every worker has put aside enough to insure him a comfortable and independent old age, and why there are, comparatively, very few millionaires in the United States. Evidently, then, any organization formed by workers for their mutual protection is as unnecessary as rats in the barn. All the worker needs, the American employer is glad to give him.

It is not too much to say that from the beginning American capital has poured forth so veritable a flood of the milk of human kindness that, wherever the worker entrusts himself body and soul to the tender care of capitalism, poverty is swept away. In highly developed industrial regions, such as the Pittsburgh basin, cases of destitution are, in fact, wholly unknown. Even during the strike of the coal miners (an unhappy affair wholly due to misunderstanding) every miner lived like a camel on the hump of prosperity, for his large investments easily tided him over to the brighter days when capital resumed complete control. Nor had he any difficulty in paying the undertaker to bury those members of his family who happened to meet the company police, and misinterpreting their benevolent intentions, became fatally shot.

It is possible, that, as yet, matters may be slightly different in Detroit. But while human nature in the city of the straits may vary somewhat from the common model, I confess to some doubt as to the degree and direction of divergence. What I fear for Detroit, where, according to the *Barometer*, human nature pushes its innate passion for justice and charity to the verge of an imperfection, is one of two things.

The first is that these pampered workers may become capitalists of the wrong kind. Were they to evolve into capitalists as we have ever known them, humble, gentle, simple men, kindly and charitable to a fault, all would be well. But sudden change may mar them. Like sandhogs brought too quickly to upper levels, they may develop the bends and other distressing disorders.

The second is this. Before the workers and the kindly capitalists can beat off the American Federation of Labor, and other engines of iniquity, the Communist may make his entry. In fact, I hear he is already on the move. He hates the union quite as much as he hates the capitalist. He would accept every word in the *Barometer* directed against the union. He battens and burgeons on such opportunities as the *Barometer* offers him. It's an old trick of his to attack the union, and under cover of the ensuing disorders to entrench himself. The *Barometer* helps him do this.

That is why I believe that capital, itself organized to the last degree, will one day be glad to indorse the union. It may be a necessary evil in the eyes of some, this natural right of the worker to combine with his fellows for mutual protection. But in those same eyes it ought to be a lesser evil than Communism.

WHAT IS DEATH?

Death is the going-cold of a little fire,
The fall of silver snow;
Death is the unknown ocean of desire
Where all floods flow.

Death is the flying-out of brilliant birds
When silent gongs are rung;
Death is the perfect melody of words
No heart has ever sung.

Death is a white, young face against your face,
A soft breath to your breath;
The hushing-up of shadow blighted space
Is very gray death.

Death is the taking-off of wrinkled shoes,
The sandaling-on of flame;
Death is the loss of all you would not lose
For love or dark shame.

Death is a little girl atop the sun
Abeckoning with her hand;
You leave the supper dishes half undone
And go and understand:

A clock will dimly chime, a candle light—
And, climbing into bed,
May Jesu give your lips a sweet good-night
When you—ah, yes—are dead.

THOMAS BUTLER.

Education

Are Brains Over-Emphasized?

A Lowbrow Interpretation

JOHN B. DONAHUE

Persons of the dialogue: Al and Joe, two who read the papers.

Place: Papa's, a quiet spot in the Forties.

Time: Just after the spumoni.

Al: Well, those Carnegie guys pulled a fast one.

Joe: Yeah; they got a great line.

Al: Looks like they got the goods.

Joe: I'll say! Any club that can hold Notre Dame to one touchdown has gotta have the goods.

Al: I ain't talking about Carnegie Tech. I mean those Carnegie professors that investigated about football players not buying their own books and pencils.

Joe: I read something about that but it didn't look like any news to me.

Al: It must have been pretty important. It took them three years to get the dope.

Joe: They ought to put those guys on the Rothstein case.

Al: No kiddin', though, there's a lotta over-emphasis on this football racket.

Joe: You tell 'em, brother! Four bucks a seat is plenty.

Al: Well, they weren't exactly investigating about that. The main trouble seems to be that fellows are getting put through college without paying their way just because they're football players. And they don't get no education.

Joe: Well, why should they pay if they don't get no education?

Al: That ain't the idea. These professors claim that when a guy goes to college he ought to learn a lot of things to improve his mind so that when he gets through school he'll get a good job and won't be no dumb-bell.

Joe: A guy that gets through college without spending all his old man's money ain't no dumb-bell.

Al: That ain't the idea. The professors claim that the idea in going to college is to find out whether or not Hamlet was cuckoo and the guy that knows the right answer ought to get a big hand instead of the bird that just runs eighty-five yards for a touchdown.

Joe: Applesauce! All you gotta do to find out about Hamlet is ask somebody. But you ain't running no eighty-five yards by just asking about it.

Al: You don't get the idea! Football is all right in its place but it oughtn't to be as important as improving your mind. Where do these classy half-backs get off when they get through college without knowing nothing that's educated?

Joe: Lots of them don't do so bad. They get soft jobs peddling bonds and they have sideline passes for the games. And plenty of the smart students has to hock their medals.

Al: That's the stuff these Carnegie boys claim is all wet.

Things like that ruin the guys' morals. It gives them wrong ideas about what is important in life. A fellow that just listens to the football coach and don't pay no attention to the professors gets so he looks at things cock-eyed. It ain't right.

Joe: Yeah? I guess Leopold and Loeb musta had three or four football coaches ruining their morals? That's a lot of boloney. I haven't heard about any All-America ends getting picked up in the subway for letting their fingers get into strange pockets. Believe me, Al, brains get you into a lot more trouble than muscles. If you and me had brains, for instance, we'd be drivin' beer trucks instead of coal trucks. And most likely we'd be in a jam. Not being wise-guys, we keep out of trouble.

Al: I'm afraid you don't get the idea, Joe. You and me are supposed to be dumb, but college guys ain't. The professors don't mind the guys playing football but they're sore because football is getting to be more important than the colleges. They claim it ain't right that fifty thousand people should pay their dough to see the football team when you can't get a hall full to watch the debating team in action even with the admission free.

Joe: What's wrong with that? There ain't no kick in listening to a couple fellows argue about whether or not the Filipinos should elect their own mayor. It don't even do the Filipinos any good if their side wins.

Al: I know it don't do any good, but you got to have intellectual stuff like that in a college. That's what colleges are for. They're supposed to learn you about culture so you'll have good taste and know about art and things like that.

Joe: Yeah? What college did those guys go to that hung the picture on its ear the other day and didn't know the difference?

Al: Maybe they were football players. But that ain't the point. These professors that did the investigating claim that plenty of colleges is practically paying fellows just to play football for them. Of course there's a few that's on the level and don't do nothing like that.

Joe: Yeah; I know a couple that ain't won a game in three years. If they're paying for football players they're getting stuck plenty.

Al: Well, the Carnegie boys claim that some of the big clubs, like Yale and them, stick to the the simon-pure stuff. It's the small clubs that pull the dirt.

Joe: You laugh for me! Maybe those big boys don't pay by check and maybe the president doesn't spend his vacation digging up material, but the Lord is awful nice when they need a quarter-back—so nice it don't look natural. Remember that miracle that happened up in Connecticut four or five years ago? One of the big alma maters hadn't been going so hot when all of a sudden three guys in small colleges decided they would get more education at the big alma mater. Maybe it was an accident that the three guys was a slick quarter-back, a smooth run-

ning half-back and an All-America tackle. Believe me, Al, the difference between the big colleges and the little ones is that the big boys have been at the racket longer. They're slicker. If you snatch a doughnut, you get six months. If you grab a million, the jury disagrees. Old stuff.

Al: Well, I'm just telling you what these Carnegie people say. Anyhow, the students get so steamed up about the football team it takes their minds off their books.

Joe: Those guys don't need no football to take their minds, if any, off their books. If they weren't rah-rahing Saturday afternoon, they wouldn't be in the library anyhow. They don't want to get educated.

Al: What do they go to college for then?

Joe: Ask the Carnegie guys that one. Maybe they go so they'll be able to get tickets for the big games when they get to be alumni.

Al: There ain't no sense to that.

Joe: That don't make it wrong.

Al: Well, something ought to be done about it.

Joe: What for? The professors are in soft as it is.

Al: How come?

Joe: Well, if the coach turns out a bum club, he gets fired. If the profs turn out bum students, the students get fired.

Al: Yeah; that's all right but . . .

Joe: Listen, Al; the trouble is that brains are being over-emphasized. These boys with high foreheads know a lot of stuff that just ain't so and wouldn't make any difference if it was. When a football player learns his signals, he knows what the numbers mean. When he listens to some of these wise guy profs, pretty soon he don't know what anything means. And when it comes to crashing the pearly gates, a football player has as good a chance as a smart guy. And if I was on the door, he'd get in first because he'd be better company.

Al: That ain't the point.

Joe: Well, if it ain't, what is?

Al: I guess the point is when a lot of dumb people are happy, a couple of smart people want to pass a law.

Joe: You and me both, Al!

Al: What do you say?

Joe: Suits me.

Al: Pssst! Papa! Two more—and don't be afraid to emphasize 'em.

With Scrip and Staff

WRITING from Massachusetts, H. H. T. asks if we know of the organization that has recently been formed in that State "to combat bigotry and intolerance." He refers, apparently, to the Calvert Round Table, which, under the presidency of Mr. P. A. O'Connell, of Boston, recently met at Harvard and discussed the mutual attitudes of Protestants, Catholics, and Jews. Our friend continues:

It is the Protestant who must be educated; the Protestant who arrogates to himself the entire credit for the upbuilding of this

great nation. Brother, I'm a Protestant and I know. If the bigot can be made to understand what America owes to the Roman Catholic in art, science, literature and invention and how he has fought her battles I honestly believe that much of the prejudice can be removed. In nine cases out of ten it is due to absolute ignorance.

But how to dispel the ignorance? There is the question placed before every thinking Catholic, and which the National Council of Catholic Men is trying to solve.

ONE fact in the matter is convincingly pointed out by Mr. Michael Williams in the *Commonweal* for November 20: that "American Catholics are most inadequately equipped with proper publicity methods and organization." After distinguishing between "honest propaganda," legitimate propagation of ideas and publicity—and the vicious type to which the World War activities gave a bad name, Mr. Williams insists:

Without honest propaganda modern democratic society could not carry on. It is absolutely necessary to cling to that fundamental fact. For any social group, associated in adherence to principles which they honestly believe to be necessary for the well-being of society, to be driven out of the field by the clamor now being raised against propaganda would be the most unfortunate thing that could happen to society. . . . This I believe to be particularly true of the Catholic Church in the United States. . . . Only Catholics themselves can adequately remedy the matter. Publicity is the most effective instrument. But they do not employ it.

Mr. Williams proves his point by contrasting Catholic publicity, or rather the lack of it, with the elaborate and intelligent methods used by the Christian Scientists, the Jews, and various well-known religious or semi-religious organizations. On the other hand, the competent and attractive news service of the N. C. W. C. is handicapped by having to consider first and foremost the needs of Catholic weekly periodicals.

TO take but an instance or two. You pick up on any news stand the last issue of what is flaunted as an "impartial" review, for "discussion, both sides of the question," etc. Yet, nosed in among the advertisements is the crudest anti-religious propaganda. Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes, we are told, "has run his machine with crushing effect over the superstitions of historic Christianity. Such is the mass and weight of cumulative evidence adduced that he would be a bold man indeed who would attempt refutation. . . . The splendid mass of incontrovertible evidence," etc. More than Lenten sermons are needed to gain the public into whose ears such tunes are dinned.

On the other hand, what a change in the minds of that large number of our fellow-citizens who do still cling to religion and morality would be made, if they knew more of the actual moral and social teaching of the Church! If the true view of the Catholic Church, for instance, on the matter of temperance and total abstinence were known to all our fellow-citizens, the number would certainly be less of those who assail Catholics because they cannot imagine that a man can condemn Prohibition as unsound and impractical, and yet be an advocate of the virtue of abstinence, as a voluntary practice.

We need more than a casual mention in Catholic pub-

lications, we need extensive publicity, to bring to the ears of Protestants such a pronouncement as was made at the recent session of the Catholic Rural Life Conference in Des Moines (N. C. W. C. *Bulletin*, November, 1929):

Recognizing with the Bishops of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore that "intemperance is a constant source of sin and a fruitful cause of misery, involving numberless men and whole families in deepest ruin and dragging headlong countless souls to eternal destruction," the Catholic Rural Life Conference, obedient to the injunctions of the Fathers of the Third Plenary Council, "cries out strongly against the evils of intemperance and its occasions," and urges its members to make every effort to inform our rural people, and in particular our young men and women as to the evil effects of intemperance on the individual in undermining his health, demoralizing his character and destroying his freedom.

Finally, to protect our young people in the most susceptible period of their lives, we recommend the ancient and laudable custom of inviting our boys and girls to abstain from intoxicating liquor in honor of the Sacred Thirst of Jesus Christ on the Cross, to a period extending to mature manhood and womanhood.

Such preaching and practice are in accordance with Catholic tradition, which looks not to a self-defeating legislation, but to the process of Christian character formation, instruction, and the powerful grace of the Sacraments to direct youth, strengthened by a voluntary act of renunciation, into the right path.

The recent Chicago Catholic Student Conference on Religious Activities (Ciscora) at Loyola University, Chicago, also endorsed the practice of voluntary total abstinence among students, and drew attention to the convention of the International Federation of Catholic Anti-Alcohol Leagues, which is meeting at Muenster, in Germany, November 29 to December 2 of this year. More than fifty Catholic organizations in Germany are cooperating. Among them are the German National Catholic Conference of Charities, the national Catholic federations of athletic clubs, catechists, societies, student organizations, women's and mothers' societies, mission societies, teachers' organizations, the Catholic School Society of Germany whose director is the former Chancellor, Dr. Marx, and others.

MR. BLUE, the starry hero that nobody has ever read about (his author, Myles Connolly, attests that no one read the book), had his "spies of God." Two of the greatest "propagandists of God" have recently gone to their reward, each after a period of bitter physical suffering: Cardinal Dubois, Archbishop of Paris, and Father O'Rourke.

The Cardinal's dying wish was for the success of the radio. Broadcasting from Paris on October 13, 1929, Father Lhande, S.J., stated that Cardinal Dubois had initiated radio preaching in France. He continued:

A faithful witness has reported to us that one of his last thoughts—before that supreme moment when a dying man can think of nothing but the life to come—was for you, for the work that my confreres and I set on foot amongst you in his name.

After mentioning the Cardinal's inexhaustible goodness of heart, and his intense interest in the work of the missionaries in the Communistic suburbs of Paris, whom he visited constantly in person, "trailing his red soutane in

the mud of the forlorn workmen's colonies," the preacher sketched his character in a word:

The supreme beauty of his ministry lies in the fact that far from trying to escape the most difficult consequences and the humblest details of his commanding position, he allowed himself to be crucified by a sacrifice that men do not ordinarily crown with a martyr's halo. . . . Cardinal Dubois, dying in the harness, in the service of the humble and lowly, deserved to have said of him the sublime praise pronounced by Christ Himself in the Gospels: "The good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep."

Cardinal Dubois took pride in the fact that he was himself of humble origin. The son of a man who lived by fashioning wooden shoes, he filled in succession the historic sees of Verdun, Bourges, Rouen and Paris. By his deeds and his brilliant pen, he did much to shape the destinies of the post-War Church of France.

In this country, we are realizing more each year the value of radio for Catholic publicity. "That it is important, if not even necessary, for us to make use of the radio, if we are to preach the Gospel to every creature, is beyond question," said Bishop Dunn of New York with regard to the Paulist station WLWL, which is now putting on an enlarged program and higher broadcasting facilities. KSL, in Utah, is a vigorous recruit to the radio Gospel, and Msgr. Hunt, of Salt Lake City, reckons some five million hearers to his radio sermons.

FATHER JOHN O'ROURKE, more than any man of his generation in this country, deserved the title of the propagandist of the Sacred Heart. Into this noblest of human endeavors he flung, passionately, throughout a life of fifty-five years as a Jesuit, all his rugged physical strength, his graphic eloquence, picturesque imagination, considerate judgment and warmth of heart. The Apostleship of Prayer, and its organ, the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, may be said to have been created anew by him in his country. Under his driving toil the *Messenger* circulation rose from 80,000 to 300,000. As novice master he reached the little band of his own brethren; through his countless retreats he reached the clergy and Religious in every part of the United States; through his devotional writings he reached the thousands of the laity; through the Apostleship of Prayer he conveyed his message to millions. But the message was always the same: the knowledge and the following of the Saviour, whose life he studied and lived with so intimately that it became to him more real than his own.

Nor did he miss the privilege of the Cross at the end. Only a few days before his death The Pilgrim asked him how he could keep so clear a head, so quiet a nerve, in the torture his malady brought him.

"Quite simple," said Father O'Rourke. "When the Doctor told me the facts—I had told him: 'Doctor, I'm no baby, tell me all'—I sat down on the side of my bed, and thought. And as I thought, a peace and joy came over me such as no tongue could describe: that God's will should be done. That peace has never left me. I suffer beyond words. I am happy beyond description."

He was waiting, he said, for Mary to come to him with her blue mantle, and say: "John O'Rourke, it's all over."

She came. He died on the Feast of her Presentation, November 21.

Five days later, on November 26, there was dedicated as a memorial to Father O'Rourke, the beautiful new library of Woodstock College, in Maryland, the gift of his life-long friends, Mr. and Mrs. Francis P. Garvan.

THE PILGRIM.

Literature

The Religious Comes Back to Our Fiction

(The first of two essays.)

KATHERINE BRÉGY

THERE was a long while, quite a long while ago, when the religious in literature—even in English literature—was treated as a human being: generally good, occasionally evil, but both in a credible way, to be thankful for or to be railed against only more intensely than the humbler mass of Christians, because the chosen vocation was more intense, more unique. The whole difference was, as it ought to be, in degree rather than in kind. That was the tradition of the Catholic Middle Ages—summed up perfectly when Chaucer included among his Canterbury Pilgrims the corrupt and covetous Pardoner and the humble, holy Parson. And this tradition lasted until the poisonous tradition of the Reformation supplanted it: the tradition responsible for the "be-spotted Jesuit" of the elder Crashaw and all the "legion" of his kin, which persisted in paler colors even into the pages of Thackeray.

We see clearly enough now that this anti-clerical, anti-Catholic complex was necessary to justify the violence of the Reformers, to other people and also to themselves. Whenever it crops up in contemporary writing—as alas! it still does crop up, when we are sure it has become quite obsolete—it is doubtless for the same psychological reason: to justify the attacks of people who know, consciously or unconsciously, that they badly need justification. For it is hard to hate unless we first vilify, and hard to vilify unless we first hate.

But literature, being so closely part and parcel of human life, is subject to perpetual action or reaction. And the natural reaction from attack is defense. So in English literature—particularly in its most ideal division, our poetry—the Catholic religious persisted, by beautiful paradox, as an ideal. Shakespeare flaunted Friar Lawrence and the nun Isabella in the face of Elizabethan persecution. Longfellow flaunted Evangeline and the Monk of his Legend Beautiful (whom he seems to have borrowed straight from Eleanor Donnelly!) in the face of Puritan prejudice. And Browning, whose Bishop of St. Praxed's was all in the pattern of Renaissance profligacy, created not only his own most perfect hero but perhaps the most heroic priest in English literature when he achieved the delicate and difficult beauty of his Caponsacchi. And it was a beauty of which many people remained unaware until, with the twin-star, Pompilia, it

illuminated the drama, or rather melodrama, made recently and successfully from the "Ring and the Book."

It is quite within the past few years that the priest, even the nun, has come back into our fiction, *not* as a target nor even as a type, but simply as a character-study—that is to say, a human being. "Tom" Daly's Padre Angelo, the humble matchmaker, and Henry Harland's Cardinal, the exalted matchmaker (since to matchmaking the celibate inclines from time immemorial!) were delightfully human personalities. Yet their chief interest lay in their effect upon others. This is true also of the Irish priest who dominated Sidney Howard's Italian immigrants in "They Knew What They Wanted." But just now the religious is being rediscovered as worth attention merely for him or herself.

Willa Cather seems to have started the vogue in that noble, and to some minds controversial, epic of missionary life in our own Southwest, "Death Comes for the Archbishop." It could scarcely have been more auspiciously started, since her work was to interpret those fine pioneer priests who stamped upon the Church in this country a permanent "ideal, or memory, or legend." Jean Marie Latour is an exquisite portrait of the high-bred, high-hearted Frenchman coming out with dauntless serenity to the New Mexico which the older European churchmen know will "drink up his youth and strength as it does the rain." We see him first "a solitary horseman," trying to recover his lost train among innumerable red sand hills. And the author strikes, quite perfectly, the keynote: "His manners, even when he was alone in the desert, were distinguished. He had a kind of courtesy toward himself, toward his beasts, toward the juniper tree before which he knelt, and the God whom he was addressing."

By episode built upon episode the heroic story of his work with the Indian, the Mexican, the Yankee, is told; and it is scarcely the most heroic scenes which sting the memory most poignantly when the book is done. To at least one reader, it is his farewell to the devoted Father Vaillant, when he bids him take to Colorado *both* of the little mules, Contento and Angelica, since "They have great affection for each other" and "one could not explain to them" the separation. Or else it is that frigid midnight when, forcing himself to brave the cold of his church, the Archbishop kneels in prayer beside the old Mexican slave and wraps his own cloak about her shoulders. "I shall not die of a cold, my son. I shall die of having lived," this man is to say many years later, as he sits meditatively facing the life fulfilled, the death already looking across his doorsill. It takes no leap of the imagination to picture his immortality; nothing else, indeed, is conceivable for so spacious a spirit. "More and more," as Miss Cather sums the matter up, "life seemed to him an experience of the Ego, in no sense the Ego itself."

And the needed foil, the complement to Jean Latour is precisely that short, weather-beaten priest friend, Joseph Vaillant, "homely, real, persistent, with the driving power of a dozen men in his poorly built body." He loved everyone, served everyone, begged from everyone, all with the

rarest, warmest tact. And in his wise simplicity he could say to the more intellectual Archbishop: "Doctrine is well enough for the wise, Jean; but the miracle is something we can hold in our hands and love." To which Jean Marie Latour replied profoundly: "Where there is great love there are always miracles. . . . One might almost say that an apparition is human vision corrected by Divine love."

For some of the shadows upon this shining and varied canvas, Miss Cather has, curiously enough, been criticized. But it is hard not to feel that the cause of dramatic contrast as well as historical integrity has been served by the inclusion of the half-mad miser, Padre Lucero; or the sensual, masterful Padre Martinez, who—true to form and to precedent—promptly founds a schismatic sect when deprived of his parish by the impeccable Archbishop.

Fiction, more popular and less uncompromising than fact, has often prepared the way for history, even for theology; as Scott paved the way for the Gothic revival. So perhaps a minor virtue of Miss Cather's work, which was more historical than people realized, lay in preparing a public for Miss Repplier's life of "Père Marquette," that admirable piece of work which had the good luck to arrive at precisely the psychological moment. For already one needed the discipline of history, the priest in fiction having become just a trifle too fictional. Not that there was not authentic truth in, for instance, the hero of "Abbé Pierre's People," that Gascon barber's son who, with the cleric's immemorial faculty for outstripping the family he still tenderly loves, returns as a gentleman and a scholar to serve the villagers among whom he was born. Abbé Pierre Clement is somewhat in the tradition of the Abbé Constantin: sympathetic, conservative, charmingly contrite when this very conservatism breeds hasty judgment upon some more experimental brother, genuinely wounded by the acid of change—the passing of the peasant, the growth of luxury and hedonism—in the life about him. His peace comes, as peace can only come, with the stretched perspective of Eternity: the pink and purple heather creeping back each springtime; the remembrance that *all things flow*; that the priest, of all men living, wastes time by worrying over the mutations of life, since "The defeats of God are only in the seeming. . . . His victories remain."

But in "Miss Annie Spragg," Louis Bromfield carried the moment's mood into a somewhat baroque and grotesque ecclesiasticism. His older priest was too sophisticated to be quite credible, his younger one too unsophisticated—while his nursing Sister shared the incipient insanity which seemed to be the one common denominator of nearly all the characters in that uncanny story. One felt that the book pushed the romantic paradox just popularized by Mr. Thornton Wilder over the edge of caricature. For if "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" was both paradoxical and romanesque, it had elemental drama in its plot and sincerity in its characterization. And the true heroine of the story was, of course, the Abbess Maria del Pilar. But this brings us to the other side of the shield—or shall we say, of the scapular?—the *nun* in recent fiction. (This will form the subject of another essay.)

REVIEWS

The History of the Popes from the Close of the Middle Ages. Vol. XVIII. From the German of LUDWIG, FREIHERR VON PAS-TOR. Edited by RALPH FRANCIS KERR. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company. \$5.00.

Continuing Dr. Pastor's historical series, the present volume centers on the activities that characterized the reign of Pius V during the years 1566-1572. Historically the story of the Papacy during this brief space was characterized by a series of most important political and ecclesiastical movements. The Sovereign Pontiff was in conflict with the Cesaro-papalism of Spain, and with Elizabeth in England, and the Turks seeking to gain a stronghold in Southern Europe. It was at this period, too, that the rebellion in the low countries was initiated and that the religious wars in France were at their height. On the civil side Phillip II, William of Orange, Catherine De Medici, Henry of Navarre, Mary Stuart and other equally noted men and women have a place in the story. The author places in the right perspective such events as the slaughter of the Huguenots, the excommunication of Elizabeth, the attitude of the Church at the Diet of Augsburg, the problem of the divorce of King Sigismund Augustus, all of which are topics frequently misrepresented in writing political and ecclesiastical histories. A saintly Pontiff, Pius V, during his short reign was entirely devoted to protecting the Church against the enemies of the Catholic Faith, to her purification from every abuse, to her spread in the lands beyond the seas, and to the defence of European Christendom against the attacks of Islam. If he was unable to attain complete success in all these undertakings it was doubtless because of the shortness of his Pontificate. He died May 1, 1572 at the age of sixty-eight, and was buried in the Dominican habit that he loved so dearly. On May 22, 1712 he was placed among the number of the saints by Clement XI.

W. I. L.

Palestine Today and Tomorrow. By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

A subtitle announces that this work represents "a Gentile's survey of Zionism." A cynic might say that the book certainly does not deal with Palestine today—that is, with the Palestine of riot and racial hate as revealed in the daily news. A critic may wonder whether it deals with the Palestine of tomorrow. Yet both would agree that Mr. Holmes has tried very hard to give a genuinely Gentile survey of Zionism. After a pleasant, if hardly profound, account of the land and its people, the author gives an interesting picture of the Zionist movement. In a chapter called "Problems" he tries to see the situation in Palestine successively through the eyes of an Arab, an Englishman and a Jew. Few Englishmen, one feels, and still fewer Arabs would see things in quite the same way. Still less would an Arab feel the same enthusiasm as Mr. Holmes for the actual Zionist achievements. However, everyone will feel that the spiritualized idealism of the Zionism of tomorrow, as it is here sketched in the concluding chapters, offers a basis for future peace.

G. G. W.

Beaumarchais: 1732-1799. By RENÉ DALSÈME. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$5.00.

Dawn, Zenith, and Twilight mark the divisions of M. Dalsème's biography of Pierre Augustin Caron, the self-titled Caron de Beaumarchais. The divisions are matters of convenience rather than strict chronological guides. For the three periods are found in such strange confusion in a life strangely confused that one cannot feel sure that the promise of such a life ever reached its full dawn, nor can they register the exact time of twilight. There is much color and light shed on the career of the eighteenth century cricket, but the color is borrowed from the episodes featuring the man and the light is struck from the flaming wrath which no one knew better how to kindle. The author of "The Marriage of Figaro" is made to quote his own apology, not without reason and perhaps with some truth: "A wretchedly bad reputation. . . . But suppose I am better than my reputation!" M. Dalsème does not transfer the matter from the realm of mere supposition. He has caught chiefly a pet grievance of Caron's and by reviving

the issue, with no new evidence except the Beaumarchais' own claims, he discusses a problem of which he shows only a vague and one-sided understanding. But at a time when the Revolutionary period is receiving much attention, it is not altogether unintelligible why the period of twilight should have been extended long after the darkness had become due. Beaumarchais himself, no doubt would still vehemently plead his cause and melodramatically argue his point. But his testimony would be accepted no more seriously today than it was when he amused, irritated, provoked, but failed to convince his eighteenth-century audience. The present work may help to recall the author of "The Barber of Seville" and "The Marriage of Figaro," it will amuse with its memoirs of life at the court of France, it will recall a character that might have been great and revive a certain amount of sympathy for one who perhaps was better than his reputation. But it will bring little conviction and show no reason for displacing M. Lomenie as the classical biographer of "Beaumarchais and His Times."

F. S. P.

The Reunion of Christendom. A Survey of the Present Position. By SIR JAMES MARCHANT. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$3.00.

At the forefront of religious problems today stands the question, theoretical and practical, of the union of Christian Churches. Towards this such conferences as Malines, Stockholm, and Lausanne aimed. In the present volume the editor has gathered together a dozen papers on the subject from men representing as many phases of Christian thought and belief. Needless to say, it is hardly a volume for Catholics. Introducing it we find the encyclical of Pope Pius XI, laying down the true principles that, so far as Catholics are concerned, must characterize any fostering of true religious unity, but obviously neither it nor the pastoral letter of Cardinal Bourne, with which the editor prefaces the Encyclical, were ever intended as contributions by their authors to color a volume of this sort. The Holy See would be the last to participate in a reunion symposium. Following the Papal pronouncement we have a spokesman for the Eastern Orthodox Church, and then for the various national bodies in Germany, Sweden, England, Scotland, India, Canada, the United States, and elsewhere. While some of the writers speak optimistically of future Christian reunion, it seems plain that, so far as the more important denominations are concerned, the idea is impossible of realization, at least in the dogmatic field. Economically and in the matter of social-welfare work there may be some pooling of interests, but spokesmen for the Lutherans in Germany, for the members of the Eastern Orthodox Church, for the various branches of Anglicanism, to say nothing of minor groups, make it clear that they have certain doctrines which they would not think of surrendering. For the Catholic Christian there is no question, as the Holy See makes clear, of union with the other churches, but only of submission on their part. Incidentally, the volume manifests the sad religious disorders that have come to the Protestant denominations in the last 400 years, and is a silent but potent argument that Christ really intended that His Church should be one in government and doctrine, and that actually today that unity is found only in communion with the Bishop of Rome.

W. I. L.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

A Century's Story.—A dainty booklet, with the title "A Centennial Story," from the pen of the venerable Sister Mary Agnes McCann (Mt. St. Joseph, Ohio: Sisters of Charity) tells the story of what Mother Seton's daughters of the American Sisters of Charity, have done in Ohio and other Western sections, since the pioneer representatives began their work of philanthropy and education at Cincinnati, in October 1829. The occasion of its printing was the recent centennial celebration of the foundation now increased several hundred fold. The central figure of the history is Mother Margaret George, one of Mother Seton's most intimate companions. She was in charge of the Sisters here in New York in 1819, and that she was affectionately remembered may be gleaned from the fact that the first fair for the benefit

of the Cincinnati orphan asylum was held in 1833 at the old Broadway Hotel in New York and conducted by the pupils of St. Peter's Academy, Barclay Street. Mother Josephine Harvey, one of her famous successors as superior at Cincinnati, was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., and was the first novice to go from there to Mother Seton's Community. Later in 1858, when that other great Sister of Charity, Mother Xavier Mehegan, began the New Jersey foundation the first novices were sent to Cincinnati to be trained under Mother Margaret George's inspiration. East and West therefore have a kindred interest in the commemoration of the Cincinnati centennial and in the most entertaining and instructive record, Sister Mary Agnes has prepared as one of its incidentals.

The Rev. Joseph B. Code of St. Ambrose College, Davenport, Iowa, is indefatigable in his chronicles of Mother Seton and the Sisters of Charity. His latest compilation is "A Daily Thought from the Writings of Mother Seton" (Sisters of Charity, Emmitsburg, Md. \$1.25), a neat little book of quotations from Mother Seton's writings selected as appropriate for each day of the year. It is dedicated to the late Mother Margaret, her tenth successor as head of the Community and illustrated with several scenes of the environments of the picturesque first home of the Sisters of Charity in the United States.

Religious Readings.—Many brief readings for the instruction and edification of the Faithful have recently appeared. The Irish Catholic Truth Society has published in pamphlet form "St. John Francis Regis," by Celia Shaw, an interesting account of a zealous missionary about whom little has been written in English: "A Catholic Nation," two pamphlets, the one discussing "Its Governing Authority and Functions," by the Very Rev. P. Canon Lyons, the other, "Its Destitute, Dependent and Helpless Classes," by the Rev. J. O'Kelleher: "Loyal and Saintly Cashel" by Andrew Finn: "The Cistercians in Ireland" by the Rev. Neil Kevin; and three religious stories "The Test" and "The Triple Mystery" by P. Ivers Rigney, and "The Turfcutter's Daughter" by Patricia Lynch (2d. each). From the Indian Catholic Truth Society: "Dialogues of Defense; Parts I and II," by Rev. Edmund Lester, S.J., a re-issue (4a.); "Hinduism and Catholicism: Tract II" by M. A. P. (2a.); "Sister Mary of the Divine Heart: Tract I," her autobiography (3a.).

The Central Bureau of the Catholic Central Verein, St. Louis, issued, apropos of the Feast of Christ the King, two helpful brochures for the better understanding and appreciation of the feast; "The Theology of Christ the King" (7c.), by the Rev. Adolph Dominic Frenay, O.P., and "Homage to Jesus Christ, King" (10c.), from a pastoral letter on the feast by the Most Rev. John P. Dowling, along with the "Proper of the Mass," by Rev. Gerald Ellard, S.J. For Communion exercises the Irish Catholic Truth Society announces "Holy Communion Before and After" from "The Imitation of the Sacred Heart," by Father Arnold, S.J., and Sister Mary Gertrude has gathered together for first communicants "Communion Rhymes" (Macmillan. 28c.), which Carle Michel Boog felicitously illustrates. Emphasizing a feature of the life of Our Blessed Lady quite generally ignored, Raymond T. Feely, S.J., writes "The Eighth Dolor" (San Francisco: Educational Supply Association), suggestive of a practical and helpful devotion.

Apologetics, history and asceticism for French readers will be found in "Ce que c'est qu'une Eglise" (Paris: Tequi. 10f.), by Canon Millot; "Histoire d'un Defii aux adversaires de Lourdes sur la guérison de Pierre De Rudder" (Tequi. 5 fr.), by Canon Eugene Duplessy; "Mere Saint-Paul" (Tequi. 15 fr.), a fourth edition of the life of the foundress of the Sister Servants of Mary, by Msgr. Laveille; "Sous la Garde des Anges" (Tequi.), by Dom Meunier; and "Les Novices de Notre-Seigneur" (Tequi. 9 fr.).

Dom Hilpisch, "writing in German, presents in one handy volume, in readable form, a complete picture of the history of Benedictine monasticism in "Geschichte des Benediktinischen Mönchtums" by Stefanus Hilpisch, O.S.B. (St. Louis: Herder. \$3.85). An account of monastic life prior to, and leading up to the

work of St. Benedict, is included in the story. The style throughout is objective and frank. Each chapter is provided with an ample bibliography, that would be of great value to students of any particular phase or epoch of the matter discussed. The work is attractively printed and illustrated.

There are healthy fairy tales for children and there are vicious ones. To the latter class belong the stories that Joseph Gaer has woven into "How the Great Religions Began" (McBride. \$3.00). It presents as factual what in its presuppositions is for the most part highly imaginary, and far from adding anything constructive to the lives of the boys and girls for whom it is primarily intended can only increase among them irreligion and disbelief in a personal Supreme Being and Christian Revelation, attitudes from which the country is already suffering too much. After discussing the religions of India, China, and Japan, Mr. Gaer professes to indicate how the human family advanced to the higher religious concepts of Judaism and Christianity, which latter apparently rises to its climax in the Reformation. So far as Christ is concerned all the supernatural disappears from His life. The treatment of the breach between the Eastern and Western Churches is anything but historical.

Studies and Portraits.—In "Horace Mann and Religion in the Massachusetts Public Schools" (Yale University Press. \$3.00), which is the third of a series of studies in the history and theory of religious education edited by Luther Allen Weigle and Robert Seneca Smith, the author attempts to whitewash Mr. Mann of the responsibility that has traditionally attached to him for making our public-school system godless. While he brings to the demonstration of his thesis a number of incidents and pronouncements that would seem to favor his findings, one rises from the reading of the volume hardly satisfied that the point has been proven. All of the data bearing on Mr. Mann's personal religious beliefs, which unquestionably influenced his official connections with the school system, are not given. Moreover, even what is presented indicates that the only logical result of stripping from the educational system the teaching now of one, now of another traditional truth, would be a thoroughly irreligious scholastic atmosphere. Mr. Mann may be pardoned for his fight against the cliques that were interested in the introduction of certain texts into the schoolroom. But whatever be the justification for that, his own attitude towards God and Christ, which was a perversion of Christianity, largely governed his executive acts. It is easy enough to say that he took a stand against the idea of purely secular education, and repeatedly urged the teaching of the elements of religion common to all of the Christian sects, but in the light of the facts he stands out as the great protagonist of the secularized school.

One wonders just what sort of a perverted instinct inclines biographers when depicting the subjects of their books to elect the more debasing aspects of the lives of men and women rather than incidents that may have a constructive value. It is a historical fact that the Borgias were not wholly bad. One of them, Francis, stands out as among the most saintly men of his day. Yet he is generally forgotten, while his ignoble relatives are allowed to occupy the stage to no useful purpose. In "The Incredible Borgias" (Liveright. \$2.50) Louise Brink translates from the German of Klabund, what professes to be the history of Alphonso, Rodrigo, Cesare and Lucrezia Borgia. It is neither good history nor good fiction, and might well have remained unavailable to English readers, notwithstanding, from a mere constructive viewpoint, it is highly impressionistic. Neither Calixtus III nor Alexander VI was any credit to his family, his country, or his Church, but they were not quite the devils Klabund would represent them to be. Had the author approached his study in an impartial spirit he might have found the material for a colorful narrative with plenty of dramatic effect and even the scandals he seems to revel in, but his story would not have been distasteful to readers, who, while they are seeking historical truth, do not want it presented in ways that offend common decency.

Doctor Fogg. Old Miss. Night Falls on Siva's Hill. The Hands of Orlac.

A rather fantastic yarn serves Norman Matson for his keen and clever satire of the scientific frauds and publicity hounds who figure so largely in modern progress. "Doctor Fogg" (Macmillan. \$2.00), a sedate old scientist who worships at the altar of Progress, succeeds in establishing communication with another planet. His laboratory on a secluded island becomes the camping ground of politicians, scientists, bootleggers and other apostles of Progress until the booming resort bears a close resemblance to Coney Island. Arrangements are made to penetrate space with a question and request an answer. The outcome is what one would have expected and the characteristic reactions of the various actors are amusing in their faithful portrayal. This is not unlike Jules Verne in a playful mood. It is a corrective for those who take themselves or their scientific progress too seriously.

To those who know the South of an earlier day the journey through "Old Miss" (Houghton Mifflin. \$2.50) will be like a ride over the rugged roads, with the surrey or the stage bouncing and jolting in a race against time. For the style of T. Bowyer Campbell is jumpy, jerky, and given to sudden lurches. But like a trip through Virginia it has a charm that does not depend on the traditional sentimental romanticism which so many writers associated with the South itself. Here one finds the heart and the soul of the finest civilization that America has known. One feels a thrill of pride in the possession of traditions that valued fidelity, loyalty, nobility and the other homely virtues which are fast disappearing. Somehow, one almost forgets the story, as one forgets the style, in an effort to control the memories of American home life and American ideals in this chronicle of old Virginia. "Time passes and who may stay it?" This may be taken as the author's theme. Many will pay the tribute of a tear at its passing; many more, unfortunately, will rejoice over its departure.

Edward Thompson's idyl of the Central Indian jungle has the delicate and symbolic note in its title, "Night Falls on Siva's Hill" (Dial. \$2.50) which summarizes and conveys after reading the dual nature of his story. For it contains the mellow charm of romance and the muffled threat of darkness in its philosophical musings. The love affairs of Nicolette Lyon, daughter of the proud John Carmichael Lyon, with the son of an adjutant wronged by her father, give little more than the Montagu-Capulet story once again. But the theme loses nothing in its new setting. The author, however, seems to be chiefly concerned with a problem, pressing, insistent and foreboding. This brings him to a display of sympathy and pity for those who have endured the British system in India for so many years; it evokes philosophical musings and sharp invectives with an indictment of the British system which may interest and alarm the English readers but to the general run of Americans it will be only so much padding for a charming romance.

A daring story which grips by the very accumulation of its improbabilities thinly veiled is the macabre mystery of "The Hands of Orlac" (Dutton. \$2.00) as told by Maurice Renard, translated and adapted by Florence Crews-Jones. The hands of Stephen Orlac, the famous pianist, were to have been insured for a million francs; but the day before the contract was signed the artist's hands are crushed in a railroad wreck. Under the care of the miracle surgeon of Paris, Orlac is restored to life; under the magic of electric machines the hands of the artist are brought into submission. Rosine, the ideal of patience, trust and loyalty, tries to solve the mystery which follows her husband's operation. She is the outstanding character of the story; a woman of splendid control, good judgment, remarkable intelligence, yet suffering absurd and almost ridiculous emotional upheavals which are accounted for ultimately by a bizarre scientific theory. However, if the reader is at all tolerant of improbabilities, he will find in this mystery a naive charm and an amusing display of a well-trained imagination. The two old friends who spend most of their time in futile efforts to communicate with the dead offer a good medium for an expose of spiritism.

Communications

Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.

An Efficient Committee at Work

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the issue of AMERICA for October 12, there appears a book review which would give the impression that the so-called biography of Mary Baker Eddy by Edwin Franden Dakin sets forth without bias or prejudice the essential facts of her life history. However, such an impression is wholly incorrect and misleading.

Judge Clifford P. Smith, of Boston, Mass., Manager of Committees on Publication for the Christian Science Church, in a letter published by the Holyoke *Transcript-Telegram*, shows that this book is a gross misrepresentation of the Christian Science religion and its Discoverer and Founder, Mary Baker Eddy. I am asking you in the interests of fairness to Christian Scientists and to your many readers to publish this letter in full.

New York.

ORWELL BRADLEY TOWNE,

Christian Science Committee on Publication.

[AMERICA is not publishing Judge Smith's letter, first, because it is too long, about a thousand words; and secondly, because, it does not show that Mr. Dakin's book is "a gross misrepresentation of the Christian Science religion and its Discoverer and Founder, Mary Baker Eddy." It does assert this several times, and quotes several others to the same intent. The only statement to which it takes definite exception is one which reflects, not on Mrs. Eddy, but on her followers after her death.—Ed. AMERICA.]

Principles in Fiction and Elsewhere

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the issue of AMERICA for November 2, Father Talbot raises anew the point which inevitably comes out in a discussion on the Catholic novel, or rather the novel written by Catholics, when the discussion is carried on by those trained in the English tradition of approaching principles. In this particular article he notes the rift among the novelists and the critics, on theme as well as on method of treatment. It may be of interest to continue his thought and to call attention to the fact that this rift is at the root of all criticism of contemporary American Catholic action of whatever kind.

American Catholics may be divided as Father Talbot suggests, but this is only to say that they are divided into those who have grasped what is the essential meaning of the term *principle* (whether true or false) and its determining influence upon the individual and the collective life, and those who have not grasped this meaning.

For example, the serious critics who object to "Red Silence," by Mrs. Norris, are those who have read widely enough or who have sufficiently observed human beings in action, to know that such a sentimental treatment of the central theme of this book does not ring true, and further that sentimentality does not flower into heroism or sanctity. They also know that the *deus ex machina* in real life is the grace of God, and it does not take the form of murder or suicide "by mistake."

On the other hand those who object to the books of Madame Undset (both of whose trilogies start from the same familiar sin of real life), object to her handling of the theme precisely because it is not sentimental. Her human beings act the same as we do ourselves, and are frequently not one whit nobler. Sin is not really pleasant, and it certainly is not so in her novels, but it does seem at least fairly so in novels of the "Red Silence" type.

It is not, then, a matter so much of realism or sentimentalism, as an acceptance or rejection of the fact that principles rule in life and work out to logical conclusions, even though one may not be permitted to see the conclusion. In Madame Undset's novels (and in all great novels) the soul is confronted with "the principle of God," if one may be permitted this expression, as it

is in real life sooner or later; whereas in the sentimental novel (I am not referring to the so-called pious novel), God hardly appears at all, and even the natural virtues have a genteel quality which removes all skeletons to the obscure company of their own kind. To place the issue on a plane of vocabulary (and in passing one wonders whether those who object to Madame Undset's choice of words are stone deaf to the vernacular of today), is to beg the question.

The sentimental methodologists, however, are legion in the United States, among Catholics as well as among non-Catholics, and the line of cleavage runs vertically from the highest to the lowest. The explanation seems to lie in that divorce between principle and action, between what one says and what one does, between religion on Sundays and secularism on week days. It is not the gulf between precept and practice, nor is it a mere conventional acceptance of a conventional cynicism, for Americans are fortunately too simple for that. It is due to the fact that Americans have never seen a society in which such a divorce has not been taken for granted as perfectly natural. No religion in politics, no religion in discussion, no religion in education, is upheld as in some way a point of honor, as a signal to the world at large that one does not believe in the Catholic Church "interfering." Whereas it is nothing more than a complete confession of ignorance that religion only functions because it is a principle of social action as well as of individual action.

This odd point of view is the fruit of a sentimental system of education, disintegrated into unrelated courses and ignorant of principles. An article in *Thought* (September, 1928), on "The Function of Religious Knowledge in Education," offers some suggestions as to a way out. At present, Americans are not taught in their schools that such a divorce as we speak of is so highly unnatural that societies in which it flourishes inevitably teeter off into nothingness. The Catholic schools insist that they teach principles, but many do not integrate their courses with them. Historians are too often content to arm the students with arguments that St. Jeanne d'Arc was really burnt at the stake, and that the Pope did not order the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day. Sociologists similarly describe palliatives of a non-Christian society, rather than point the way to the organization of institutions which would render most of the palliatives unnecessary. Economists serve up as fresh "principles" such as Garet Garrett popularizes in *The Saturday Evening Post*. Non-Catholic schools present life as a series of pictures falling into space, somewhat in the manner of the atoms of Lucretius, though not with the seriousness of the Roman, or—as in the sentimental novel.

Meantime the most constructive stand for Catholic novelists to take, if they have the ability, is to continue the method of Madame Undset, who, of all those mentioned in Father Talbot's article, is easily foremost. As for the critics, let them not lose heart. One I know of took up the cudgels against Miss McGill's article in the *Sign*, only to be rejected by two prominent Catholic magazines (neither of which was *AMERICA*, let it be said), but such failures do not close the argument, any more than "protest" votes for the Socialists solve the problem of contemporary politics.

New York.

M. R. MADDEN.

What Shall the Teachers Do?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

AMERICA has furnished its readers with a catalog of the pros and cons of the critics of Catholic contemporary fiction and fiction writers. Judging from the various degrees of honorable mention conferred upon our Catholic women novelists, who are striving to help to supply the demand for modern fiction, we must congratulate ourselves that some of the material written by Catholics for Catholics is being read by them. But while the innovators have dared to tell things as they really are, the critics have preferred to have them told only as they ought to be. In the meantime, while the conservatives and the radicals are differing among themselves regarding what is good, bad, or indifferent in Catholic fiction, we teachers await the decision of the judges.

"Shall we lower our standards of morality for the sake of

sparkling writing?" ask the critics. God forbid. While it is generally admitted that our Catholic historians, philosophers and journalists are powerful, comprehensive, lucid and reliable writers, the same cannot be said of our Catholic novelists as a body. With few exceptions, our writers of so-called Catholic fiction lack depth, facility and artistry. Why block the way for a generation of Catholic writers who are sincerely striving to improve present-day Catholic writing? "Why cannot words be worked up as well as colors?" asked Cardinal Newman, a half-century ago.

Time was when the conventional story-teller gave vent to his mania for preaching by weaving into his narrative a pietistic vein. The novel has aged. Novelists deal with eternal conflicts and human problems. The novelist today is more of a teacher than is he of the profession. From the novel the public absorbs its philosophy of life.

Catholic boys and girls, like all others, are devouring modern fiction. If we teachers tell them they "dassent" read this or the other latest choice of the Catholic-Book-of-the-Month-Club, what shall we offer as a substitute? Are we to be more Catholic than the Church, our Mother and Teacher? We are sorely in need of more constructive criticism. Hundreds of our Catholic students read *AMERICA* as a part of the regular class work. They enjoy the book reviews, but they want to read the books reviewed, if only to realize that "Vice is a monster of so frightful mien, as to be hated, needs but to be seen."

Will our National Catholic Review further enlighten its readers?

Wilmington, Del.

SR. M. AGATHA,
Librarian.

Wants Letters of Father O'Rourke

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I am contemplating the preparation of a memoir of the late Rev. John H. O'Rourke, S.J., who died on November 21. May I request those of his friends who have interesting and significant letters to allow me to copy them? They will be carefully preserved and returned.

New York.

FRANCIS P. LeBUFFE, S.J.

Distribution of School Costs

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It occurs to me that one reason for so many of our Catholic children finding their way into the public schools is the inability, real or imagined, of their parents to pay the tuition customarily required by the parish school.

It is hardly enough to excuse ourselves for these delinquencies by saying: "If they can't pay, let them come anyway." Pride, false though it be, is a thing to be pondered when it defeats our aim.

As is well known, the public school asks no questions in this matter, but distributes the burden on the citizenry.

I should like to inquire from others better informed, why the operating expenses of the parish school should not be borne by all the members of the parish. The present system, which prevails largely west of the Mississippi, at least, is in effect a penalty for those with larger families.

Denver.

W. J. K.

Father Gillis on Bertrand Russell

To the Editor of AMERICA:

May I ask, through the columns of *AMERICA*, if any of your readers may have taken a shorthand record of the lecture given over Station WLWL by the Rev. James M. Gillis, C.S.P., on Sunday, November 3, concerning Bertrand Russell's book, "Marriage and Morals"?

I have long been interested in Father Gillis' lectures, and several of them, taken in shorthand, have been of great value in work in which I am interested. Illness prevented me from securing the one referred to above. I will gladly pay for a copy of it.

I have been told that Father Gillis uses only brief notes. Therefore this earnest request.

Brooklyn.

D. O. B.